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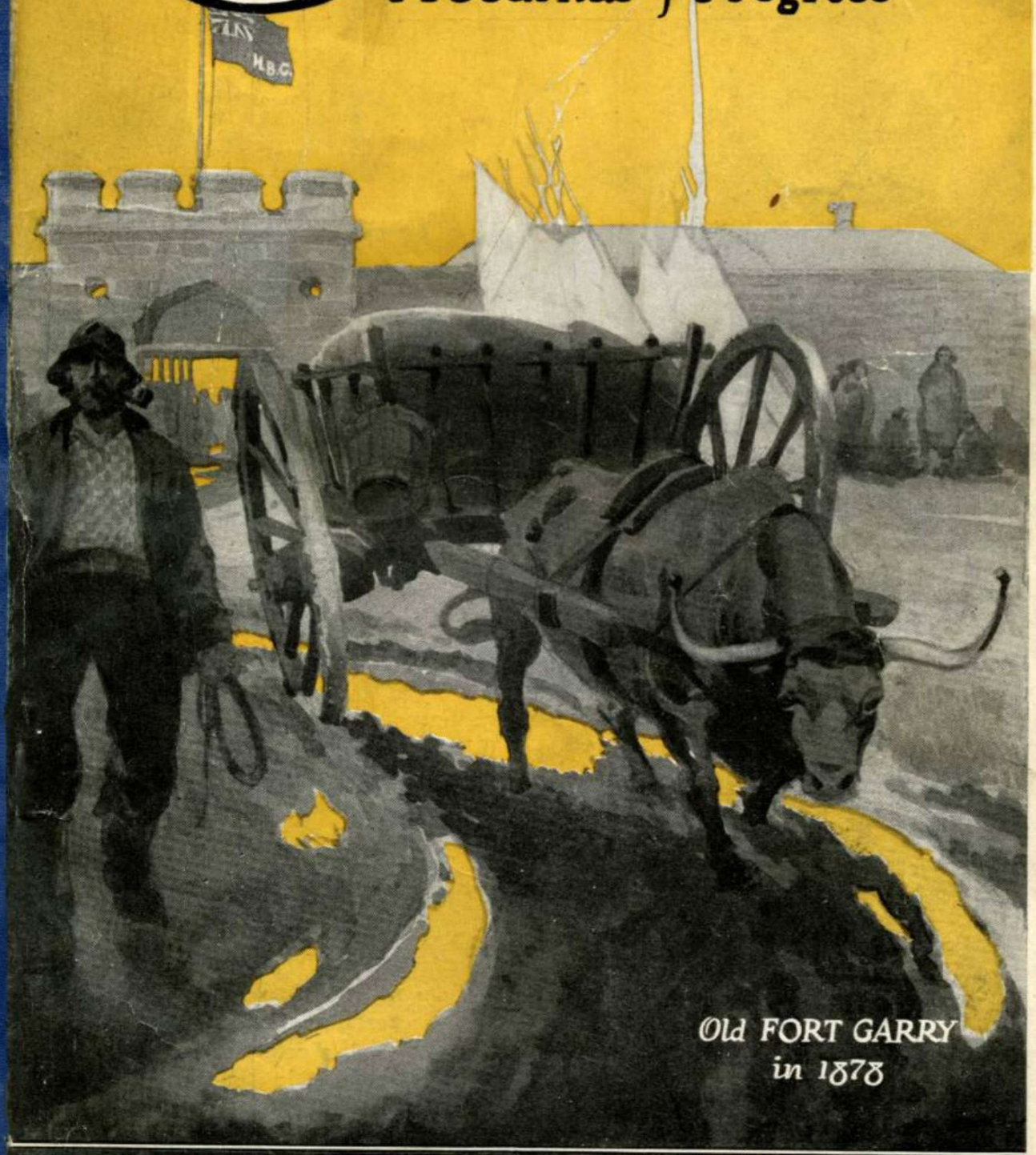
The Beaver

A Journal of Progress



Old FORT GARRY in 1878

ted to The Interests of Those Who Serve The Hudson's Bay Company

OFFICERS OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

V

James H. Rendall

Superintendent of the Fur Warehouse

AMONG the many honoured names on the roll of the Company's servants there is none held in higher esteem than that of the man whose portrait is reproduced herewith. Mr. James H. Rendall, the present head of the Company's warehouse staff, represents the third generation of a family whose combined service record amounts to 140 years.

In 1820 Mr. Rendall's grandfather, John Rendall, set sail from Orkney for Hudson Bay; in 1840 he came over to London and became superintendent of the fur warehouse. His son, John G. Rendall, succeeded him in 1869 and held the appointment until 1911, when he died in harness, having served the Company for 54 years.

Mr. Rendall has witnessed great changes in the fur trade during his 38 years' service. When he first joined the staff half-a-dozen fur buyers shared the bulk of the offering between them, whereas it is now necessary to issue more than 1,000 catalogues and the saleroom is hardly able to accommodate all those desirous of attending the auction. Perhaps the most marked change, however, is in the sphere of values. In 1885 the best musquash skins could be bought at 6d. apiece, instead of 10/6 per skin as now; red foxes of first quality were worth 8/6 each as compared with 70/-; and so on.

The continual development of the fur trade and the great increase in competition have made correspondingly increased demands on those responsible for grading the Company's collections of fur, and it is greatly to Mr. Rendall's credit that amid all the changes that have taken place, he has consistently maintained the high standard of the Company's assortment and thereby helped to retain the goodwill and confidence of all sections of the trade.

STOCKHOLM

Life in the Swedish Capital as Seen by Our Leipsig Correspondent

By S. HOPFENKOPF

SCARCELY any big metropolis in the world offers so many varieties in magnificent and romantic views as Stockholm does. Built on rocks and surrounded and intersected by big lakes and sea water, it combines all the three features which make a city beautiful, *i.e.*, rocky hills, vegetation and water.

The abundance of clean, fresh and salt water in the center of the city makes all the difference. One could hardly imagine that this city, with its huge old-fashioned and modern buildings, is inhabited only by about half a million people, but at all events the large and nicely arranged structures prove Stockholm once was the capital of a powerful country.

The most prominent building of the city is the palace, a huge square building of simple architecture, its front windows looking over the long bridge connecting the new part of the city with the old. To the left of the palace are situated the museum of arts and the houses of parliament (two big square buildings), while to the right of the palace one overlooks beyond the water the Grand Hotel. Among other big buildings are to be mentioned the opera house, the dramatic theatre and several banks. In the center of the city one finds beautiful gardens and squares with statues of the old Swedish kings and other monuments. The thoroughfares are wide.

As in London, all the traffic is done by motorcars ("bil" as the Swedish call the taxies), and no cabs, except the royal equipages, are seen in the city.

Among the shops the predominant position is occupied by the *Nordiska Kompaniet,* a huge store like Harrods' in London, and it is interesting to learn that when the Stockholm ladies (who by the way are magnificently and most luxuriously dressed) arrive there with their children, the children are attended to by special nurses, who show them round the toy and book departments while their mothers are occupied shopping in other departments.

There are many fashionable restaurants in the city. The most fashionable and most frequented by foreigners is *Hasselbacken,* with a big garden where in summer a military band plays. A peculiar custom in the Swedish restaurants is that at lunch time *hors d'oeuvres* are not served by waiters, but in the middle of the restaurant a big table is covered with all kinds of *hors d'oeuvres,* about twenty dishes, and every customer helps himself, returning with his plateful to his table. Generally, one helps

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VIEWS—(1) Statue of a famous Swedish general. (2) View from the Palace. (3) Part of old Stockholm. (4) Outlook from the Palace bridge to the Grand Hotel. (5) The Dramatic Theatre. (6) Open air market in old Stockholm.

himself at the *hors d'oeuvres* table twice, and it is considered ungentlemanly to do it three times.

The Stockholm population is rather sympathetic. The Swede is of a straightforward character, but not very hard working. The male population is fond of sports, as skiing and skating in winter and yachting, sailing, playing football and cricket in summer. To a very small extent they play tennis, but no golf at all. The national sport is considered to be football, for which in Stockholm there is a large ground surrounded by stands, the "Stadium," for watching match games. Other games and athletic sports also take place here.

The workmen and mercantile sailors live in the old part of the city, where the open air markets, mostly near the landing places of the merchant fleet, are crowded with people.

Living in Stockholm is rather expensive, the food prices especially being higher than in London. Hotels are also very dear; for a single room with an adjoining bathroom Sw. Kr. 15. per day is charged, which at the present rate of exchange is about eighteen shillings.

The suburbs of Stockholm are as beautiful as Stockholm itself, and there are many nice places on the little isles to which small but very clean and nice steamers convey the people. The most frequented places surrounding Stockholm are *Saltsobaden, Villa Foresta* and *Vaxholm*.

It must be especially emphasized that the population of Sweden, particularly that of Stockholm, is very trustworthy and honest. As an instance of this, in Stockholm can be seen lots of bicycles left in the streets unguarded and unlocked, and never does it happen that a bicycle is stolen.

H.B.C. Strove for Moral and Religious Betterment

Ancient Tome in Historical Exhibit Was Used at Posts for Divine Service Daily

THE book of common prayer of the Church of England now to be seen in the Hudson's Bay historical exhibit at Winnipeg has aroused a great deal of interest among visitors.

This was a magnificent tome, but is now battered and worn as befits a genuine antique. The volume exhibits a quality of printing and a sturdiness of binding that is seldom equalled today. The book was printed and bound in England about 1700, and contains some of the quaint old versions of the Scriptures. The older form of the twenty-third psalm, for example, is particularly noticeable, viz:

Verse 5, 23rd Psalm of David in metre—
In presence of my spiteful foes
He does my table spread.
He crowns my cup with cheerful wine,
With oil anoints my head.

The book was used at various Hudson's Bay forts, including York Factory. The regulations of the Company required that divine service be publicly read once or twice each day. In fact it was the Company's policy to promote moral and religious improvement among its officers, servants and the native population. This is fully evidenced by the following extracts from the rules and regulations issued through an order of council, 1822:

Resolved (First)—That for the moral and religious improvement of the servants, and more effectual civilization and instruction of the families attached to the different establishments and of the Indians, that every Sunday divine service be publicly read, with becoming solemnity, once or twice a day, to be regulated by the number of people and other circumstances, at which every man, woman and child resident will be required to attend, together with any of the Indians who may be at hand and whom it may be proper to invite.

Resolved (Second)—That in course of the week due attention be bestowed to furnish the women and children such regular and useful occupation as is suited to their age and capacities and best calculated to suppress vicious and promote virtuous habits.

Resolved (Third)—As a preparative to education, that the mother and children be always addressed and habituated to converse in the vernacular dialect (whether English or French) of the father, and that he be encouraged to

devote part of his leisure hours to teach the children their A B C catechism, together with such further elementary instruction as time and circumstances may permit.

Resolved—That chief factors, chief traders and clerks in charge of districts or posts be directed to take the proper measures for carrying these regulations into effect among the Company's servants, families and Indians attached to their respective charges.

Resolved (Thirty-ninth)—That the Indians be treated with kindness and indulgence, and mild and conciliatory means resorted to in order to encourage industry, repress vice, and inculcate morality; that the use of spirituous liquors be discontinued in the few districts in which it is yet indispensable, and that the Indians be liberally supplied with requisite necessaries, *whether they have the means of paying for it or not.*

"FIELD" NOTES

Every Word Ends in "Field"

An Encyclopaedic Record Compiled by H. M. S. Cotter, Cumberland House Post

BARFIELD, Capt. William—There was a period in the last century when the Company owned and operated an extensive fleet of sailing ships which were the pride of the owners and skippers alike. Some of these ships sailed both to Hudson Bay and to Victoria. Captain Barfield had made several voyages from London to Victoria in the *Lady Head* and *Princess Royal*, also sailing to the Bay at a later date. A fine type of man and fine sailor he was, like all men of his calling. The *Lady Lampson* and the *Titania*, sailing round the Horn, were famed as fast sailers; the latter ship especially, about which a great deal was heard at one time, made the passage home from Victoria to London in 96 days, the time usually occupied being 125 days.

BROOMFIELD, Sam—One of the best known and most successful H.B.C. fox hunters on the Northern Labrador coast, and a wizard in catching silver foxes. Even in years when foxes in general were scarce Sam would at some period of the winter come in to the post, his face frozen from ear to ear but wearing a big smile, with a silver fox skin in his game bag. In the worst winter storms that blew Sam could find his way day or night, though he never carried a compass. He was a great dog driver and, when running down the free traders, he would frequently take great risks driving dogs over new ice that would be heaving up and down with the the heavy swell beneath it. Sam travelled with the late Major Hesketh-Pritchard, noted sportsman and author.

BUTTERFIELD, Mrs. Mary— A stockholder in the South Sea company (the South Sea Bubble) formed in 1710. "If," it was said, "the Hudson's Bay Company can make vast moneys out of the frozen North, what can be done with lands flowing with milk and honey?" The "bubble," which ruined thousands of families, exploded in 1720, and the directors' estates to the value of £2,014,000 were seized in 1721.

CHESTERFIELD (Inlet)—A deep inlet on the northwest coast of Hudson Bay was named in 1749 after the fifth Earl of Chesterfield (1694-1773), well known as the author of "Chesterfield's Letters." The Company maintains posts around the inlet.

DANGERFIELD—In 1679 a forged conspiracy against the Duke of York, who in 1683 became the second Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company and later King James II, was contrived by one Dangerfield. The plot was discovered, and on Dangerfield being whipped the last time as part of his punishment, June 1st, 1685, one of his eyes was struck out by a barrister named Robert Frances, which caused his death. His assailant was hanged.

ENFIELD—Before the introduction of firearms by the Company the Indians used bows and arrows, slings and spears, with which they were exceedingly expert. The first guns imported

were the wheel lock and match-lock muskets; the blunderbuss was also introduced. These were followed later by the single and (afterwards) by the double-barreled flint-lock, which had a run of over 150 years. This again was superseded by the "Norwester," a single-barreled percussion muzzle-loader —with the stock running the full length of the barrel. It was a great gun with the Indians and stood all kinds of hard usage, wet or dry.

Then came the "fine" muzzle-loader which today is a favorite with many tribes in spite of modern improvements, the reason being that an Indian is not hampered with reloading tools and other impedimenta that go towards the make-up of a breech-loader. In the early days it was a common practice to set the blunderbuss, or more properly the arquebus, with its funnel-shaped barrel, for the killing of foxes. The bait was fastened to a line which led through a ring or staple at the rear of the gun and then attached to the trigger; on the bait being pulled at, the gun was discharged.

The percussion principle of igniting gunpowder was patented in England in 1807 by the Rev. Mr. Forsyth—which seems a little odd. But it was many years after this that the percussion gun became general in the fur trade. Thirty-five years ago the flint-lock could be found here and there.

All natives have keen eyesight and, as a rule, are good shots and quick on the trigger. It was the regular custom at posts on the Bay to fit out certain bands of Indians for the spring and fall goose hunt. Thousands upon thousands of the "white wavey," the Brant goose, and the big grey honker were shot and preserved for winter use. Each hunter was supplied with a certain amount of powder, shot and caps, for which he had to turn in a stipulated number of geese. It was said that every shot a hunter missed was charged up to him at the rate of 1s. 6d. Whether this intensive and original form of training improved their shooting is not stated, but the fact remains these goose hunters were experts and frequently brought down two birds at a crack. To save time in loading, some of the hunters had two double-barreled guns, and when the geese were flying well would knock over six or seven one after the other. It was splendid sport.

The late Angus Faries, father of Archdeacon Faries now at York Factory, was a most remarkable and clever shot, for he frequently brought down three and sometimes four geese at a single shot. With two double-barreled guns he on one occasion shot ten birds, a string of them falling to earth. It was said when Angus got the "goose fever" and his war paint on geese simply poured from the heavens.

Mr. Faries had charge of the goose hunt on the east side of the bay (Hannah Bay), and it was his duty to place the hunters at the most advantageous places in the marshes besides superintending the cleaning and preserving of the geese, coopering of the casks and issuing of rations and ammunition. When the hunt was over he would sail back to the post in a six-ton boat loaded to the gunwales with salted geese. In the fall of 1886, 16,000 geese were put under salt at Albany. W. F. McKay was in charge then.

Archdeacon Faries learned the trick of shooting geese from his father, and is today one of the best shots on the west coast of the Bay.

There were no rifles of any kind at the southern bay posts up to 1887, except one Enfield owned by the foreman at Moose. Everyone used muzzle-loaders for shot and ball. The first repeating rifle was imported by George S. Cotter, apprentice clerk, in 1887. (Shortly afterwards the Company lost a pedigreed bull).

FIELD of the Cloth of Gold—Henry VIII embarked at Dover to meet Francis I of France at Ardres, a small town near Calais in France, May 31st, 1520. The household inventory had just been completed and, strange as it may appear now, the most important items were ordered to be written off with an axe, and it was requested the date be commemorated. The nobility of both kingdoms here displayed their magnificence with such emulation and profuse expense as to procure for the place of interview (an open plain) the name of The Field of the Cloth of Gold. Many of the king's attendants involved themselves in great debts on this occasion (being quite contrary to the seventh commandment re "blowing in" of salaries), and "were not able by the penury of their whole lives to repair the

vain splendor of a few days," June 4th to 25th.

GRINFIELD, General — Tobacco, the weed that drives away all sorrow and all care, is said to have derived its name from the island of Tobago in the West Indies. It stands today, as in days of yore, in the front rank of H.B.C. merchandise exchanged for furs. It has played a silent yet powerful part in many different ways for the general well-being of the Company in its relationship with the natives.

The desire for tobacco appeals strongly to Indians and Eskimo alike, and they will travel long distances for that alone. They are addicted to the habit to a greater degree than white people, for they continually smoke, eat, drink, or snuff it—anything to get it into the system. And, for some tribes, the stronger and ranker it is the more it is enjoyed. Men and women are inveterate smokers, and children learn the habit at a very early age.

Now, while our *Imperial Mixture* did not originate in the island of Tobago, they had an "imperial mixture" as far back as 1803, when General Grinfield was sent there to relieve our friends the French of this island possession.

HUDDERSFIELD, Yorkshire — From this great manufacturing city came Joseph Wrigley, chief commissioner of the Hudson's Bay Company in Canada from 1884 to 1889.

INGLEFIELD, Commander—This name recalls the days of the northwest passage and the search for Sir John Franklin. Captain Inglefield it was who brought the first intelligence to England of Captain M'Clure's success in completing the northwest passage while engaged in the search for Franklin in 1850. Captain Inglefield himself was in command of several relief expeditions sent out by Lady Franklin.

The Company took a leading part in the search also, for not only was the *Felix* under Sir John Ross fitted out chiefly at the expense of the Company but under its auspices Chief Factor James Anderson and Dr. John Rae, the intrepid traveller and explorer, were engaged in the work; and it was Dr. Rae who ultimately brought the first tidings of Franklin's fate.

TYPICAL H. B. C. Eskimo interpreter (white man) at Fort Churchill on the west coast of Hudson Bay.

Dr. Rae was for ten years at Moose Factory, and it was said on one occasion he walked from Moose to Albany, a distance of over 100 miles, in one day.

LICHFIELD, The Earl of, was deputy governor of the Hudson's Bay Company from 1889 to 1910.

LOWVALLEYFIELD, a beautiful district in the land o' cakes, adjoins the village of Newmills in Perthshire, the home of Captain John Ford, the famous H.B.C. mariner who made the record run from the Bay to London in the good ship *Lady Head* in 1902. "Eric the Red," on the Company's staff at The Pas, hails from Lowvalleyfield. As a "furgetter" and hustler after the wily muskrat, Eric has few equals.

MANSFIELD—A bleak and rocky island, seventy miles long, lies in the northern part of Hudson Bay. While it has been known as Mansfield only to the Company's captains and Bay people generally, it apparently is a misnomer, for in 1613 Sir Thomas Button, the navigator then in quest of Henry Hud-

son, named the island "Mansel" after vice-admiral Sir Robert Mansel (1573-1653), whose niece he married.

The story of the wreck of the Company's ship *Prince Arthur* on this island on the night of the 13th August, 1864, was as familiar to the boys about the bay as was the "Wreck of the Hesperus."

MERRYFIELD (Bay)—Lies twenty miles northwest from the H.B.C. post of Davis Inlet on the Labrador coast. About 1858 the Company had an outpost there and, when a young man, the late Chief Factor Peter Warren Bell was in charge.

Mr. Bell was a grandson of Chief Factor Peter Warren Dease, the great H.B.C. explorer. He had the reputation of being one of the best snowshoe walkers in the country. Stories were broadcast by the "moccasin telegraph" of the distances he could cover in a day, sixty miles being an ordinary day's tramp for him.

Of his endurance and hardihood the following account will illustrate: Travelling in winter in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, he had the misfortune to break through the ice. His driver, dogs and sled with its load were all swept under the ice and lost. Mr. Bell, by herculean effort, managed to regain the solid ice and immediately started to walk to the post, a distance of 40 miles. It came on to blow a biting northeast wind with snow and heavy drift, and his clothes were soon frozen as stiff as boards. There was no shelter of any kind and, as it was a matter of life and death, he hung to the trail with dogged determination and finally arrived at the post at 3 a.m. On the side on which the wind struck him he was frozen from head to foot so badly that he realized unless the frost could be withdrawn at once he would succumb. Into a bath of ice cold water in an outer porch he plunged and remained there till all the frost was out.

Not many hours after this ordeal, he was in a terrible condition and suffered agonies. The accident happened in December, and it was not till the folfowing June that he was able to get about on crutches.

Mr. Bell used to relate with a good deal of satisfaction that though he was still a cripple he did an excellent spring business and had the largest collection of furs in years at his post.

In 1870 he was delegated to accompany Colonel Wolseley, who was in command of the troops sent to suppress the first Red river rebellion.

Peter Bell was one of the most popular men of his time. He was famed as a fur trader, could speak five languages, was an excellent traveller and a good sportsman, and with the ideals of Sir George Simpson always to the fore. He served in his younger days under Sir George.

It is sad to relate that after this great H.B.C. chieftain retired from the service he was lost on the Ss. *Islander* returning from Skagway in 1901.

MUIRFIELD (Road)—At No. 1, Muirfield Road, Inverness, Scotland, resides Duncan Matheson, Factor, retired. Mr. Matheson spent fifteen years of his life at Fort Chimo, Ungava. In all the long history of this place he held the record for length of continuous service without furlough. Conditions of life in Ungava are some years extremely severe, and Mr. Matheson passed through some trying periods.

This astute Scot, held in the highest respect and esteem by all throughout the great Ungava territory, was at the helm when the first competitors came in, and seldom under such circumstances was a business better conducted. Mr. Matheson came through his long years of isolation and hard work with flying colors.

Although R. M. Ballantyne, the writer, was never there, his book "Ungava" is remarkable for its accuracy with regard to places, distances and people.

NEWFIELD, Ss.—For many years there has existed a very friendly relationship between members of the staff of the geological survey of Canada and the Company's traders in the North. This body of able scientific men are well known throughout the fur country, for there are few places indeed they have not penetrated. Welcome visitors they have been at many a post.

In 1878, the year of the great Paris exhibition, a very fine and varied collection of the economic minerals of Canada was shipped by the government steamer *Newfield* to Havre. This

CREE Squaw "Montana," aged 108, who has been married six times, has fifty-seven grandchildren and smokes "Imperial Mixture."

collection was the largest and most complete representation of the geological formations and the mineral resources of British North America ever seen in Europe. The highest prizes (diplomas equal to gold medals) were awarded to the Canadian geological maps and collections.

"OAKFIELD"—The faithful dog has proved an invaluable animal in connection with the fur trade. From the time the first snow and ice comes till late in spring these animals, in every part of the country where they are in use, are constantly in harness and doing the Company's work in its many and manifold ways. Their value cannot be over-estimated. Therefore, as C. H. French says, "Think about your dogs" is a sentiment that will have the hearty endorsement of all interested in these animals.

In Arctic exploration the dog has long since proved his worth. At a lecture in Massey Hall, Toronto, given by the late Admiral Peary, he went on to say how he was overwhelmed with letters from all parts of the world advising him what he should take and do on these expeditions. Said the lecturer, "I received a letter from one man imploring me to take motor cars, as that was the only sane way of reaching the pole." Then suddenly a scene in the polar seas was thrown on the screen depicting conditions as they really are: miles and miles of ice thrown mountain-high by the wintry gales and seas and in every conceivable form and shape, and so rough, jagged and tossed about it appeared as if a thousand earthquakes had been at work. "Now" said the lecturer, "may I ask my audience how any goldarned motor car could get through this chaos?" This brought the house down, and Peary was cheered to the echo. He then gave a vivid description of the value of dogs in Arctic work.

Captain Scott took thirty-three Siberian dogs on his last expedition to the Antarctic. They were driven across Siberia to Vladivostok, thence by steamer to Lyttleton. They were presented and named after various schools. Oakfield School, Rugby, was the donor of the dog "Oakfield."

POTATOFIELD—A familiar camping ground. The growing of vegetables has been of necessity carried on from the earliest days of the Company's history. Every post has its garden, well kept, neat and tidy. The Company were the pioneers in agriculture in a great part of the country. At the most northerly posts it is impossible to grow the ordinary vegetables, the climate and soil being against it. Except for about six inches to one foot, the ground is eternally frozen. Yet the effort is made, and small radishes, tough as wrought nails, may be eaten about September, and are a wholesome change from dried vegetables. Flower gardens will be found at northern points equal to those in more favorable climes. Many H.B.C. men take a keen interest in gardening. Lord Strathcona had a wonderful reputation in this regard, and on the Labrador coast could get a great variety of plants and vegetables to succeed. In Saskatchewan district, Alex. Seymour is a leading horticulturist, while Hugh Conn, of The Pas, romps away with all prizes for fine vegetables. In this connection one hears of some marvellous efforts in raising big vegetables and new plants in the north. Some years ago a party of H.B.C. men

were dining together in Chicago and the question arose as to where and how macaroni was obtained. Said a grizzled veteran from the north and windy country, "Macaroni is a peculiar plant, and it thrives particularly well at Isle a la Crosse and Winnipegosis. At the former post they have fields and fields of it standing six feet high, and when the wind is blowing gently and the macaroni is ripe the music coming from these fields is like that from a great pipe organ. In former years boatloads were sent to York Factory for transhipment to England." (Complete paralysis of dinner party).

SHEFFIELD, England—To the H.B.C. is due the credit of introducing throughout northern Canada the fine steel products of this world-famed city.

SWAFFIELD, W. E., commenced his career with the Company in 1887 at Abitibi Post. From there he was transferred to the Labrador coast, where he ultimately became district manager. A man of great and untiring energy whose watchword has always been "business first, pleasure afterwards," for twenty long years he stuck to duty on the coast without ever coming out.

Mr. Swaffield has always been known for his thorough and painstaking methods. Everything he did, he did well. Muscular and stockily built and of an adventurous disposition, he was well fitted for the arduous and ofttimes dangerous work of travelling the Labrador coast. On more than one occasion he came close to losing his life. No furs ever escaped him. To get ahead of his rivals one fall he ran down the coast with a clinking fine team of twelve dogs, but at a time when the ice was not properly set about the capes and bays. Cleaning up every skin, he started on the homeward journey, but got blown out to sea on ice that was thin and hourly breaking up. A night was spent in this perilous position, some of the dogs breaking through. The next day the wind shifted and blew them back to land. An entry in the post journal reads, "*Got back, got wet, got fur, all of it—amen.*" On another occasion a storm carried him out to sea in an Eskimo kayak, and he had a terrible time regaining the land. Later he miraculously escaped suffocation when he was forced to take shelter in a snowbank during one of the blinding blizzards that rage on that coast in March.

Mr. Swaffield was honored with the O.B.E. for his services on the coast during the war. He is now with the Company in Montreal.

TOFIELD, Alberta—When buffalo roamed the plains the district in which Tofield is situated was good hunting ground and well known to H. J. Moberly, H.B.C. fur trade factor.

"WAKEFIELD, The Vicar of"—At York Factory, Moose Factory, Fort Simpson, Fort Chipweyan and other points, libraries were maintained by the staffs. These not only contained the best books published, but some rare and valuable manuscripts were to be found on their shelves. These libraries were not only a great boon to the local staffs, but to those in charge of isolated posts, for these books circulated over a great extent of country. During the winter months, it was customary at one time to hold literary evenings, where everyone attached to the post joined in the reading, singing, or discussing the topics of the day.

Sir William Schooling Completes Canadian Tour

Preliminary Investigations Carried Out for New H.B.C. History

SIR William Schooling, historian, of London, sailed from Quebec on the *Empress of France* October 3rd, after a six months' tour of Canada for the purpose of laying the groundwork and collecting data for a new comprehensive history of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Sir William visited all the large centres from Quebec to Victoria, interviewing during the course of his journey nearly every historian, archivist, government official, university man, old-timer and Hudson's Bay officer who could furnish information or documents relating to the Company's history. He collected at the Company's western branches a voluminous quantity of fur trade record books, minutes of council, journals, diaries, reports, notes and

official correspondence dating back to the time of Sir George Simpson and earlier. Shipments of these and other documents are being forwarded to Sir William at London, where, in the quiet of his study, he will be constantly engaged for two years, perhaps three, before this great work may be consummated.

While on his tour across the continent, Sir William was given the verbal accounts of recollections of scores of oldtimers, H.B.C. men and Indians. He was regaled with yarns and divers accounts of happenings that took place within the memory of men now living. The historian took note of all that the many *raconteurs* told him, but he says that, in the compilation of the Company's history which he has been commissioned to write by the Board at London, the story of H.B.C. will appear only as substantiated in every detail by the genuine old documents and records he has collected and classified.

The personal recollections, however, will serve to corroborate and strengthen or amplify documentary accounts, and they are further valuable for the colour they will afford the writer in his work.

Although the exact form of the new history has not been decided, Sir William says that it will be probably a book of four volumes, one of which will take the form of a dictionary or encyclopaedia containing short biographical notes of people, descriptions of places and customs. This will be in the nature of a key or reference book for use in connection with the other three volumes of the work. The historian will be enabled thereby to include in these three volumes a connected story of events throughout, without distracting footnotes of an explanatory nature which would ordinarily be necessary in a work of this kind to clarify references to persons, places or customs.

Sir William stated that one valuable result of his visit is the acquaintance made with people all over Canada who are capable of making essential corrections in the proofs of the work, should these be needed, and furnishing supplemental information.

At Montreal during May, Sir William gathered much information relating to the history of the North-West Company up to the time of its union with the H.B.C. in 1821. Among other things there is the minute book of the famous Beaver Hall Club, where Lord Selkirk was entertained by the Nor'-Westers and where many of their councils were held.

At Ottawa Sir William met several historians and spent much time profitably in the Dominion archives, where, he says, every facility was afforded him for gathering important data. He also interviewed Dr. Charles Camsell, head of the geological survey, and Dr. Campbell Scott, deputy minister for the department of Indian affairs, officials of the ministry of justice and the geographic board, all of whom expressed a desire to assist the work by every means at their command.

At Toronto Sir William received the co-operation of the university faculty in history, and while in the city he viewed the Ross-Robertson collection of historical pictures, of which he was offered the privilege of taking photographic copies.

In Winnipeg, Calgary and Vancouver, the historian talked with leading members of his profession, with prominent citizens, oldtimers and Hudson's Bay retired officers of the fur trade, all of whom supplied him information.

At Victoria the archives of British Columbia were examined and copies taken by Sir William's staff of all documents having a bearing upon the Company's history.

Conducted by Mr. C. H. French, the Company's district manager for British Columbia, Sir William visited his first oldtime fur trade post—Fort St. James, in the wilds of northern B.C. Here he came in actual contact with the life of the fur trader. Indian trappers demonstrated to him the method of preparing snares for game. The post manager was host at a genuine Hudson's Bay feast and entertainment in the "master's" big house. This furnished much local color on wilderness hospitality.

While on his tour of the country, Sir William was invited to address societies and service clubs in every city visited. His speeches at Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Edmonton, Vancouver, and Victoria were delivered before large gatherings and were widely reported in the press.

Reminiscences of a Hudson's Bay Company's Factor

Sixty Years of Adventure and Service in Various Sections of the Far North West

By H. J. MOBERLY

(Continued from last issue)

I REMAINED in charge of Fort McMurray and the transport at Methy portage till the 1st of March, 1878. On the day previous to that date I received a letter from Chief Factor R. McFarlane, in charge of Athabasca district, telling me that Donald Ross, who had been in charge of Fort Vermilion and the lower part of Peace river, had died shortly after New Year, and that since then they had been like sheep without a shepherd. Everything had gone wrong—the hunters had left, the people at both Fort Vermilion and Red river were starving—and he implored me to go and see what could be done.

Making all necessary arrangements for carrying on the affairs at Fort McMurray and leaving my clerk, James Spencer, in charge, I took my dogs and started away, reaching Red river on the 11th of March.

The fort is built at the mouth of the river on a bank, some eighteen feet high, composed of limestone. As I neared the landing, I heard a voice call out, "My God, Moberly, have you got any fish or grub to spare?"

I looked up and saw the clerk in charge, with his men and some of his children, standing on the bank. It looked so funny that I sat down on my sled to laugh, saying this was the first time in my life I had ever seen a flock of pelicans in winter watching for fish from the bank of a river.

After partaking of a meal, I left for Fort Vermilion, which was fifty miles above. About half way there I found an Indian of the Woods Crees camped. I knew him to be a good hunter, of an awkward temper, but open to flattery to any extent.

After a meal together I turned to the Cree and instructed him to come in to me on the third day from then with two moose. He asked me, surlily, if I thought he kept moose tied up to trees or had them in his lodge.

"*Kewatim,*" I said (his name was *Ke-wa-tim,* "North Wind"), "*Kewatim,* the moose do not want to be tied up when you go after them. When *you* strike their tracks they know they cannot get away from such a hunter, so they lie down and wait for you to come up."

On the third day he came in with three moose noses and tongues, and told me where the carcasses were. As the spot was as close to Red river as to Vermilion, I sent word to the clerk at Red river to haul in two while I sent for the third.

Making the Indian a present, I appointed him head hunter for Red river, telling him to let me know when he was unable to feed my men, when I would place him on the list of old useless Indians, but that for a few years I should not bother my head about Red river. For five years after there was never a shortage of meat at that post.

I found things in a bad mess at Fort Vermilion where I arrived the night I first met the Indian hunter. With about thirty-five souls to feed, nothing remained in the fort but a little barley. Next morning, I took out five men with me to some beaver lodges and showed them how to hunt beaver in the winter time. We killed five that day, four of which I sent to the fort. I remained out hunting beaver for three days, during which time we killed sixty-four of the animals.

This, with the moose killed by *Kewatim,* gave us a good start. I sent also for the Beaver Indians, who were camped about four days off at Hay river; and while I remained in charge, which was till September, 1886, we never knew what it was to run short of meat.

CHAPTER XXIV

I Come East on Furlough
After 33 Years

DURING my command at Vermilion, the H.B.C. had some mighty strong opposition. A firm of American free traders, the Ellmore Company, had established themselves in the district. They had quite a large capital to work on, an outfit of goods to the value of about $20,000 and a considerable experience in the business.

I started in to get the business away from them and back to the H.B.C. It was five years before they realized that it was a losing game for them; but the last day I was in charge of the post they offered to sell out at twenty-five cents on the dollar. Their stocks could have been obtained for about $5,000, but my successor, advised by the chief inspector, did not accept their offer, in consequence of which they forced their way to Mackenzie river and a year or two afterwards, on advice of the same chief inspector, sold out to H.B.C. for $53,000. Up to that time free traders were unknown in the Mackenzie river district, and, had the management of affairs continued in the hands of old experienced officers, it no doubt would still have been quite a long time before the Hudson's Bay Company met with any opposition in that part of the country.

When the Beaver Indians heard of my arrival at Vermilion they came in with furs to trade. I engaged from among them three hunters for the post and a couple of young bucks as meat haulers. Within a week they had begun hauling fresh meat, while the regular work of the post, which was chiefly the building of new boats, was going on as if nothing had happened.

During my time at Vermilion we raised all the potatoes and vegetables required for our own use, besides a quantity of barley which we ground by horse-power mill, and most of which was intended for summer boat service.

Strangely enough, on the south side of the river the Early Rose potatoes grew large and plentifully, while the long white ones were always small and hard, but directly across the river the reverse was the case, the Rose being small and hard and the white variety large and plentiful. About a mile below the fort the Anglicans had a mission where they grew all they required in the way of vegetables; and so with the Roman Catholic mission situated a few hundred yards above the post.

Some distance back from the river on the north side are the Caribou mountains, which form the height of land between the waters falling into the Peace river on the south and those flowing into Great Slave lake and Hay river on the north. On some of the small streams running south I found some colour of gold, and heard that prospectors had panned some gold on those running north.

Learning from the Indians that they had observed fish bones on the shores of a lake on the top of Caribou mountain, I one day put the matter to the test, as it seemed remarkable that fish should inhabit a lake at such an altitude with no inlet or outlet to other waters save that of a small creek tumbling over the rocks. Taking some nets and a few boards with which to make a punt, I went up on the mountain with one man. I found the lake to be over five miles long by one mile wide, very deep, and containing splendid salmon trout, whitefish, jackfish, and suckers. But, what greatly surprised me was to find freshwater herring; for I know no other lake in the Northwest to contain them.

Just before we reached the lake, I remember, we came upon a splendid caribou stag lying down, and before he could get away I shot him. He proved one of the finest specimens I ever saw. Caribou were plentiful on this mountain, which extends many miles both in length and breadth. It is capped with a muskeg plain, a few bluffs of jackpine here and there, and the lake just mentioned.

During my stay at Vermilion post I made two spring trips which I think were about the hardest and most dangerous expeditions I have ever made in the north country. The first was in the spring of 1884. I left Fort Vermilion on the 30th of March with one man and a train of dogs. Up to this time we had had no thaw since winter set in, but the day after our start the weather changed and a thaw set in day and night. For miles at a time we travelled knee-deep in snow and water. Then in places the

ice began to move, so we had to pick up a bark canoe and carry it along, and, when the river was open for a space, ferry the dogs and ourselves across. The canoe, being small, would not carry us all, and we had to make five or six trips each time we came to open water. The farther up the river we progressed the more open places we met. Of course travelling was very slow, and every day the ice was getting worse. When we reached the mouth of Smokey river, where the trail to Lesser Slave lake begins, there was only a narrow neck of ice left from the middle of the river, the rest of it having melted or drifted away from the shores. As we were bound for Lesser Slave lake, we were only too glad to hasten ashore. And none too soon, for we had not been landed an hour when all the ice was carried off.

Owing to our slow progress and the undue length of time we had been on the road, we were now out of food supplies. A small house of logs stood on the bank at the forks. No one lived here; the building was used and maintained as an H.B.C. depot for supplies consigned to posts up Smokey river. The doors were locked. Necessity knowing no law, I made a false key, with which we obtained entrance. Here we found some flour and lard, and we baked bannocks. Next day we started on foot for Lesser Slave lake, distant some seventy-five miles. I obtained the supplies we came for and started back with carts. When we reached the river again it looked like summer, there being neither snow nor ice. We made a large raft and expected to have a fine run down. All went well till about ten o'clock of the second night, which was pitch dark. We had approached close to the mouth of Cadotte river, the rapids of which we could plainly hear, when I told my man that I would snatch a couple of hours' sleep before taking my turn at watching. Luckily, I did not fall asleep, but kept listening to the rapids. We appeared to be so long passing the mouth of the Cadotte that I at length arose to find that we were fast among ice and not travelling at all. We instantly hurried ashore and tied up the raft in order to wait for daylight and see what was the matter. About two hours later we heard a terrific noise, and the water began to run like a mill race, accompanied by wind. We had run into an ice jam, which had burst, and morning found us and our raft high and dry. It required all day to get the raft afloat and ready to start again. Twice more before we reached Vermilion we ran into ice jams, but by good luck we got through all right.

The second hard trip I experienced while in charge at Vermilion occurred the next spring. I received a letter from the chief factor at Fort Chipewyan asking me to come down if possible and see him on important business. This letter was brought to me on the last day of March, and I left the day following. We had had no warm weather and the snow was still as dry as in midwinter.

The same night a warm west wind came on. It commenced to thaw steadily. Before I got to Chipewyan the snow had gone and the ice on the lakes was covered with water. I stayed at Chipewyan one night only, and started on my return. The trail from Chipewyan kept to the ice of two lakes for about seventy-five miles. Then followed a portage overland of thirty-five miles to the Peace river, after which the route lay along the ice again about forty miles to the post at the mouth of Red river.

When we got to the Peace the ice was still solid in the middle, but with a swift current on each side. To enable us to reach the path of ice remaining we felled a large pine tree and made a temporary bridge of it. For a whole day we could not find a place where we could get ashore. The day was cloudy, with a drizzling rain, making it impossible for us to judge the ice well. I was walking ahead on snowshoes when suddenly I went through. The current was swift and I had hard work to keep from being drawn under by the snowshoes till my man threw me a line. As soon as I regained my footing on the ice I perceived that we must land by some means, and at once; so we went to the solid edge, and, when a block of floating ice came along large enough to carry the two of us, we jumped on board and, with the aid of our snowshoes, paddled ashore thirty miles below Red river post, cold, wet and miserable.

As there was a large quantity of drift wood on the bank, we soon had a large fire, at which we dried ourselves and sat down to eat our last remaining grub.

I had my gun, with six small charges of gunpowder in my powder horn, and just before dark I killed two fine mallards with one shot. Early next morning I shot a beaver, and in the evening another. So we now had all we could eat, with three charges of powder still left.

We reached Red river, remained there one night, and then struck across country for Fort Vermillion, fifty miles away. We had plenty of duck shooting and on one swamp I killed a large black bear who was no doubt looking for duck eggs. When we arrived at Fort Vermilion it was already like summer and, the frost being out of the ground, we proceeded at once to get seed in.

I remained in charge of this place until the month of September, 1886, when I took a six months' furlough, to visit my friends in Eastern Canada after an absence of thirty-three years in the wilds of the Northwest. During that time there had been two half-breed rebellions in the prairie country, but the Northwest is so big and I had been so much farther north I had scarcely heard of them.

CHAPTER XXV

I Conclude My Wanderings and Settle Down

Leaving Vermilion, as I have said, for a visit East, I went down the Peace by steamboat to Fort Chipewyan; then, still by boat, on the Athabasca and Clearwater rivers to Methy portage. Crossing the portage, I again took boat down the Churchill river to Isle a la Crosse and up the Beaver river to Jeune lake, from which place I drove over to Prince Albert.

What a change I found in that part of the country since I had left the Saskatchewan in 1861! Then there was not a single house, save the buildings of a few isolated trading posts, from Qu'Appelle to the Rockies; thousands of buffalo still roamed over the prairies; the Indians were a free, wild lot; the only law in the country was the Hudson's Bay Company rule; no means of travelling but by open boat on the lakes and rivers, horseback, Red river carts or dogsleds on the prairies—no one had dreamed of railroads. Now Prince Albert was quite a town; the buffalo had gone; farms were spreading all over the plains; the C.P.R. was running from ocean to ocean; a railroad to Prince Albert was being talked about. The rule of the Hudson's Bay was done—replaced by the regular laws of the Dominion administered by that splendid force of men known as the *Royal Northwest Mounted Police*, who have made this wild country safe to live in from the Rockies east to Winnipeg. The Indians were confined on reserves—no more war parties, no fights between the different tribes. All was changed from what it used to be in "the good old days."

After a few days' stay at Prince Albert, I took wagons and drove across country to Qu'Appelle, and thence by rail to Winnipeg.

After a couple of weeks there to get my family comfortably settled, I proceeded by train to Port Arthur, thence by steamer to Owen Sound, by rail to Orangeville, on to Allandale, and then to Collingwood to see my friends there. But I soon became dissatisfied with old Ontario. When I first left the province I believed it to be a magnificent country of large-sized trees and fine farms—in fact, on a grand scale generally. Now I saw farms with stones piled all around, stones still covering the fields and stumps of all sizes in the fields. The trees appeared to have become smaller, and everything seemed different and petty after the boundless prairies and the vast British Columbia mountains and valleys with their gigantic timber to which I had become accustomed.

But, if the farming country seemed to have deteriorated to my western view, there was no doubt that the towns had forged ahead. When I first left to go west, Barrie was a small town of some four hundred inhabitants, Toronto had forty thousand people, Collingwood boasted five or six buildings, Allandale was without a single house, and the Northern railroad had only just begun grading there. Now Barrie was quite a town, Toronto had one hundred and forty thousand inhabitants, Allandale was quite a settlement, the Northern railroad was an old "used-up" concern and Collingwood a thriving town.

I spent a few days looking up some of my old friends in Collingwood, Barrie and Toronto. Then I left for England,

where I enjoyed a very pleasant winter with my two sisters.

I was surprised to find how ignorant the people at home were, as a rule, as to the extent and general conditions of the colonies. Down in Wales, on one occasion, a lady asked if I would kindly take a parcel for her son, and on my asking for his address gave it to me as "eight miles from the C.P.R. west of Winnipeg."

On another occasion, when I attended a meeting of the board of directors of the Hudson's Bay Company, one of the larger shareholders, a Manchester merchant, enquired why they did not export frozen fish from Great Slave lake, Great Bear lake and all the other lakes to supply the European markets. The Governor (Lord Strathcona), with a smile on his face and a glance towards where a couple of us were sitting, replied that the only reason he knew of was the lack of means of transportation. "But you have the Canadian Pacific railroad," argued the shareholder, as if he thought the C.P.R. covered the whole country. "True," rejoined Lord Strathcona, "but a number of branches would have to be built; some of them, likely, longer than the C.P.R. itself."

Numbers of young Englishmen coming out to this country in those days with the intention of taking up a homestead and farming spent their money before they started laying in an equipment of guns, revolvers, bowie knives, saddles and bridles, and a lot of other unnecessary articles, in the belief that they would have to fight their way through war parties of Indians and cowboy desperadoes. When they were once settled they were glad to sell all these things at a dead loss. If they had had the sense to place their spare cash in a bank, bringing nothing with them but a change of clothes, and to have turned to work with a will, their money would have been available for the purchase of the real necessities of the settler.

I returned to Canada in the spring, and reported for duty at Winnipeg on May 1st, 1887. I stayed about a month in Winnipeg, when the commissioner asked me to go to Stanley to oppose Stobart and Company, who had been making headway against the H.B.C. for some years. I crossed Lake Winnipeg to the Grand rapids, and thence journeyed by York boat to Stanley. I remained at that post two years, by which time Stobart and Company thought it time to sell out and quit the place.

Stanley is situated on the Churchill river about five miles from the north end of Lac la Rouge. The lake is about forty-eight miles long by some five miles wide in places, with numerous islands all over it. These islands are chiefly rocky and contain large deposits of gold, silver, copper and nickel. Like deposits are found all over the country in the vicinity of the lake and on the Churchill river, and only lack transportation service to become enormously valuable. If the Hudson Bay railroad from Prince Albert to Churchill be once opened it will pass not far from Lac la Rouge and through part of this mineral country.

Stanley was one of the most important posts in Cumberland district. The Indians trading there comprised a band of Chipewyans and some woods Crees besides a number of halfbreeds, the latter residing chiefly on the south shores of Lac la Rouge. This lake is a splendid fishing place, abounding in whitefish, trout, jackfish and suckers. It is connected with Churchill river by the Rabbit river, some five miles in length. Moose and caribou were plentiful, as were all the fur-bearing animals, bear, fisher, lynx, marten, mink, otter and others.

In 1889, having made up my mind again to retire from the service in the spring of the following year, I sent in my resignation to that effect. After the brigade left that spring, I took a canoe and went up the Montreal river to examine it and to ascertain if it were a feasible route by which to bring in outfits via Prince Albert. On my arrival at Montreal lake, I received a letter from the chief commissioner requesting me to come to Winnipeg as soon as possible. Accordingly, I crossed over to Prince Albert and from there down to Saskatoon, where I found a construction train on its way to Regina.

At this time the rails had been laid to within twenty-five miles of Duck lake and most of the grading done as far as Prince Albert. At Regina I took the C.P.R. to Winnipeg, and on my arrival saw Chief Commissioner Wrig-

ley, who desired me to take charge of Isle a la Crosse district and try to get it into running order. The post was being overrun with free traders, and the servants were unreliable. "In fact," said he, "everything has gone to the devil." I replied that it would not be worth while going for one season only, that it would take two or three years to get things into proper shape, and that I was leaving the service the next spring. But I was induced finally to go to Isle a la Crosse for three years on condition that if I made a success of it I should receive further promotion.

He assured me that, so far as he had the power, I could depend on getting the next step in the service, which is graded similarly to that of the army, but on a system, however, distinctive to the Company.

This, from a man in his position, I accepted as equal to a guarantee from the governor and committee at home. So I withdrew my resignation and, after two days' stay in Winnipeg, I started back by the same route I had come.

On my arrival at Stanley, I took a boat and went up the Churchill river to Isle a la Crosse, reaching there September 1st, and at once took over the charge of the district from Mr. G. Davidson, who had been placed there temporarily. One of the first steps was to dismiss some of the ring-leaders among the refractory servants, letting the rest understand that I would tolerate no insubordination.

I next visited all the outposts and got them in order, and then turned my attention to the opposition. At the end of two years there was not a single free trader left in the district, and the H.B.C. influence was established on as firm a basis as ever before. I continued in charge for some months after my term of three years had expired.

I left the service this time for good, in the spring of 1894, and settled at Macdowall, eighteen miles south of Prince Albert on the C.N.R. line to Regina.

Great indeed have been the changes in this part of the country since I first rode over it. Then the woods began about three miles from Fort a la Corne and, with the exception of a small fringe along the river banks and larger lakes, the rest of the country was all open prairie. Now the wooded country extends as far as Duck lake, some eighty miles west of Fort a la Corne. This is due to bush fires having been prevented since the settlers came in. Formerly, these bush fires were caused by grass fires on the prairie started principally by war parties to cover their tracks, while every traveller who saw a fire moving in his direction at once started another to meet it and save himself a scorching by "back-firing."

One of the most magnificent, most terrible sights of those early days was a stampede of hundreds of buffalo fleeing before a prairie fire. Pity the person who got caught in their charge! Whenever we were thus situated, whip and spur were used without stint or mercy to get out of their way, for the buffalo on stampede were more dangerous than the fire itself.

All this has passed. The prairie has been ploughed into farms. Railroads have displaced the trails of the Red river carts. Cities, towns and villages cluster about the sites of the trading posts. The old free west is no more. The buffalo, save for a few in corrals, have perished from the face of the earth. And I, though vigorous as ever, am rated an "old-timer." *Tempus fugit;* —time flies in Western Canada as nowhere else in the wide world.

(*The End*)

HUDSON'S BAY CO.—*By Joseph Hodgson*

(Retired from the Fur Trade)

H *Hurrah! for the flag that has battled so long,*
U *Unique in its grip of the North;*
D *Defiant it floated the breezes so strong,*
S *Secure in the pride of its worth.*

O *Out, 'way from the East, stretching far to the West,*
N *No shame hath attached to its name;*
S *Streams, mountains and forests were crossed in the quest*
B *By its bearers for fortune and fame.*

A *Although by its foes it hath oft been assailed,*
Y *Yet proudly it waves in the air,*
C *Content that its sons have yet always prevailed*
O *O'er all who molest them do dare.*

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"A Journal of Progress"

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Homelike

A GREAT Canadian railroad contemplates decorating the interior of a number of new dining cars with wallpaper of the finest quality. Steel walls will take on a more aesthetic mien.

Such is the spirit of modern service. Not only must there be speed, safety, comfort and prompt arrivals at destinations, but this road also considers that its passengers, being "guests," should sit down to dine in an atmosphere as homelike as possible.

Vision

A CAREFUL examination of 10,000 industrial and commercial workers, active in their work and supposedly in good condition, revealed that 58 per cent were wearing glasses to correct some optical weakness that would have rendered them *out of condition*.

Health and efficiency obviously can be improved by attention to the examination and care of the eyes. It is a fact that with some employees who are accused of inefficiency it is entirely a matter of imperfect vision.

Each organ of the human machine "burns up" a certain amount of nerve energy. When eyes that are defective demand more than their share of nerve energy, the nerve energy supply of other organs is reduced. Trouble results, at first in the form of headaches, often attributed to stomach trouble or other causes. By keeping vision perfect a waste of nervous energy can be avoided and efficiency increased.

A Capitalist

WHAT is a capitalist? Are you a capitalist? If you are a bank depositor or the owner of a home, an insurance policy, an automobile, war bond, a farm, a store or a million dollar corporation, you're a capitalist.

The laboring man who owns his pick or shovel is a capitalist. The worker's tools represent money saved and invested. Money invested to produce money is capital, regardless of what it is invested in. The difference between the scrubwoman's investment of $3.25 in a pail, etc., and the landlord's investment of $100,000 in an apartment block is a difference only of degree.

Saving is the key, the starting point. Acquiring a competence is a matter of savings (however small) invested and the returns then re-invested. Employ capital and you hire a worker that never sleeps but will grow from smallest beginnings to great proportions in direct ratio to the wisdom and foresight with which it is managed.

Binders

LOOSE-LEAF binders for volume III, which begins with this issue, as well as for volume II, completed with September, will be supplied on application in the same style and at the same price as advertised on page 22 of last month's issue (60c).

Many readers will probably wish to have their binders for the new volume in advance, ready to insert each monthly number as it arrives, and thus preserve all copies in better condition for permanent binding next year.

The page numbers in *The Beaver* will run consecutively throughout volume III, *i.e.*, each issue will not start with page 1. The policy of numbering pages straight through to the last page in No. 12 has been adopted for purposes of more satisfactory indexing and reference. For this reason also, readers may wish to get their volume III binders now.

Example

STEAMING up the Mersey toward Liverpool during a terrific storm, the little pilot boat showed at her masthead the signal "Follow me!" Through the scudding spray onlookers could make out nearly a score of vessels of various types trailing behind, each of them safely getting in.

If we ran at the masthead of our lives a like signal would those who follow our example come safely to port at last? But even though we did not signal "Follow me" there are some who will be swayed by the power of our example; and some time or other we may have to face this fact.

NO DANGER FROM MOOSE

I HAD often heard and read, down in Eastern Canada, of a bull moose (when wounded or otherwise) charging down upon a hunter. In all my experience in the Northwest I never saw it done or knew of an Indian who had seen such a thing. I have wounded and followed up a moose until quite close to him, sometimes have actually driven him to a good spot where I might camp. I have pursued moose on snowshoes until close up to them, yet I never saw one that did not do his best to get away.

One morning I started out at daylight to take a short run on Peace river to see if I couldn't get a shot at either a moose or a bear. I took with me an Irishman who went by the name of "Paddy from Cork." He was, without exception, the greenest specimen I have ever met from the Emerald Isle.

On rounding a point I saw by the wet marks on the stones that two moose had just landed. Warning Paddy to keep quiet, I went to the edge of the woods and caught sight of a bull moose about fifteen yards to my left.

Presently I located a cow a little to the right. Standing behind a large poplar, I waited till she should cross an open place with the object of first shooting her and then firing the other barrel at the bull who was giving a call now and again for the cow.

Paddy, seeing me behind the tree leaning on my gun and hearing the moose calling, yelled out to me, "Be jabers, why don't ye shoot that fine moose fornenst ye?" There was a sudden breaking of branches, and the moose were both off to a spot where no Irishmen are to be found. This particular Irishman, you may be sure, heard some fairly strong words.—*From the Notes of an H.B.C. Factor.*

LIMERICK CONTEST

PRIZE for last month's best last line for the "Prizefighter" limerick (page 23, col. 1, September issue) was awarded to Cyril E. Louth, son of H. N. Louth, manager H.B.C. retail, Yorkton, Sask. The winning line read *"Now he's playing a harp all in white."*

Results of Literary Puzzle March Issue

THE prize in this competition has been awarded to J. G. Cruikshanks, chief accountant's office, Winnipeg. Mr. Cruikshanks in his solution correctly placed twelve of the twenty quotations, these being numbers, 4, 5, 6, 7, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 17, 18, and 19 of the following complete key to the puzzle which appeared in our March issue:

1. "Spectator" Essay No. 343, "On the Transmigation of Souls."—Joseph Addison.
2. "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome."—Rev. Charles Chiniquy.
3. "The Greatest Thing in the World."—Professor Henry Drummond.
4. "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."—Edward Gibbon.
5. "The Vicar of Wakefield," and "She Stoops to Conquer," act I, scene I.—Oliver Goldsmith.
6. "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow."—Washington Irving.
7. "Life of Addison."—Samuel Johnson.
8. "Lords of the North."—A. C. Laut.
9. "The Last Days of Pompeii."—Bulwer Lytton.
10. "Through the Mackenzie Basin."—Charles Mair and Chief Factor Roderick MacFarlane.
11. "Mr. Midshipman Easy."—Captain Maryat.
12. "Life of Gladstone," vol. I.—John Morley.
13. "The Men of the Hudson's Bay Company."—N. M. W. J. McKenzie.
14. "Diary of Samuel Pepys."
15. "The Land of Silence." (This has appeared in serial form in "The Beaver").—George R. Ray.
16. "St. Patrick's Day," act I, scene I.—Richard Brinsley Sheridan.
17. "The Wealth of Nations."—Adam Smith.
18. "The Master of Ballantrae."—R. L. Stevenson.
19. "Life of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal."—Beckles Willson.
20. "East Lynn"—Mrs. Henry Wood.

Despite the extension of the time limit in this competition in order to allow of the distant fur trade posts to get their solutions in, the number of answers received was disappointingly small. The staff did not take the interest in the subject that it deserved. Aside from the prizes offered, the search for the authorship of the quotations should have proved profitable to every reader participating.

The Judge—So your name's Joshua, eh? You're not the Joshua that commanded the sun to stand still, are you?

Eben Holden—Lor', no, Judge. Ah'm de man dat made de moonshine!

SWEET DREAMS

Sambo—Say, Rastus, somethin' funny happened to me last night.

Rastus—Dat so?

Sambo—Yes, last night I dreamed I was eatin' shredded wheat; an' when I woke up, half my mattress was gone.

GAME TO THE LAST

An editor was dying, but when the doctor bent over, placed his ear on his breast and said, "Poor man! Circulation almost gone!" the dying editor shouted: "You're a liar! We have the largest circulation in the county."

OUTRAGEOUS

A cockney and his American friend were walking down the street of an American town one night when an owl set up his ancient "W-h-o! W-h-o! W-h-o!" The Englishman asked, "What is that?"

"Oh, that's an owl," answered the American, casually.

"Well," stormed the insulted Englishman, "I know it's an 'owl. But what the 'ell is it that's 'owling?"

THE SWEET THING

"Do you love me?" said the paper bag to the sugar.

"I'm just wrapped up in you," replied the sugar.

"You sweet thing," murmured the paper bag.

SHE KNEW

"Mamma, what are twins?" asked Bobby.

"Oh, I know," chimed in Marjory, with all the superiority of an elder sister. "Twins is two babies just the same age; three is triplets; four is quadrupeds; and five is centipedes."

Married Men's Style Note—There will be little change in men's pockets this fall.

BUSINESS CONDITIONS

Our statistician, after interviewing various business people, gives the following reports on business conditions in general:

The first person interviewed was an artist's model, who admitted that she was just making a bare living.

"Business is dull," remarked the scissors grinder.

"Looking up," declared the astronomer.

"Dead," said the undertaker.

"Fine," said the judge.

"Quiet," said the bootlegger.

"Looking better," said the beauty doctor.

"Fair," said the street car conductor.

"Rotten," said the egg man.

"Pretty soft," said the mattress maker.

"Light," said the gas man.

"I have seen the wurst," said the butcher.

"Hard to beat," said the bass drummer.

"Just sew, sew," said the seamstress.

"Bum," said the hobo.

"Looking brighter," said the bootblack.

The preacher, who was the last one seen, admitted that he was working to beat the devil.

AMBIGUOUS

A clergyman about to enter a bus noticed a gentleman seated in the corner who had celebrated rather too well.

"Do you allow drunkards in your bus?" he asked the conductor.

"Well, not as a rule," said the conductor, "but slip in quietly."

NOT ASLEEP

On the corner of a block in Philadelphia there is a restaurant with the flaming sign: "Never Closed." On the other corner a drug store displays its motto: "Open All Night."

Between the two Wu Ting Lung has his modest laundry. Not to be outdone by the Yankees, he has hung out an electric sign that can be read for a block or more. It reads:

"Me Wakee Too."

The Land of Silence

(*Continued from last issue*)

By GEORGE R. RAY, Moose Factory
Author of Kasba (White Partridge)

CHAPTER XV

The Trap Is Sprung

WHEN Bob Armstrong entered the store a few minutes later, he found himself in an atmosphere of suppressed excitement.

"Hullo! good people!" cried the young man merrily, beginning to shake hands and talking gaily all the time. "What's this—a gathering of the clans?" He looked round the group laughingly till his eyes rested on Marjorie. "My, it's good to be home!" He broke off abruptly, as if feeling the general constraint. His hand dropped to his side, the smile died on his lips.

"Bob, my dear boy," said the downright chief factor, breaking the silence which followed, "I would have given a year's salary rather than you should have come here just now."

The young man gazed at him in vast astonishment. "Why?" he asked.

"Because there is some rascality on foot," answered MacDonald fiercely. "I am certain of it; but what form it will take I cannot make out."

"Rascality!" repeated Bob, with some perplexity. "I don't understand."

"Robert," said his father, trying to make his tone cheery and natural, "you know that for some time past whisky has mysteriously appeared among the Indians here and that I have been much exercised about it; but in spite of my efforts to discover the source, I have been unable to gain the slightest clue."

Bob nodded gravely. "Sure, Dad," he said.

"So serious has the matter become that the chief factor had the Company's sleds searched on their last return from the interior, and now I want the inspector to search your sled, for I do not wish to be behind the Company in this matter."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the greatly astonished Robert. Then he laughed heartily. "Pray do not be uneasy on my account. By all means search my sled," he said, directing his last remark to Inspector Blake.

"I shall not go as far as that," Blake informed him with a smile. "Your assurance that you have brought in nothing contrary to law will be sufficient, and this solely to soothe your father's —er—somewhat exaggerated sense of duty."

"Fanatical conscience," corrected the chief factor.

"You will understand, I am sure," Blake went on, "that I mean no offence in putting these questions."

"My dear sir," returned Robert good-naturedly, "I quite understand, and am ready to answer your questions. Fire away."

The officer bowed, then, straightening his face, said in an official voice, "Armstrong, will you swear upon oath that you have brought in nothing that is contraband?"

"Willingly," answered Bob. Then in good imitation of the other's tones, "I swear that I have brought nothing contrary to law."

"Thank you," said Blake. Then suddenly, on an impulse which perhaps he could not himself have accounted for, he asked, "Everything on the sled is your property, I presume, or you would not vouch for it?"

To almost everyone's surprise, Bob hesitated some moments before making reply.

"Well, now that you speak of it," he answered with a queer little laugh, "there is a case which a friend asked me to bring in, but it contains photographic supplies only."

"Besides, you can give the man's name?" suggested Blake.

Bob glanced swiftly at Alec, who dropped his eyes. With a grave face he looked round the group; they all looked up to him full of expectation. "It seems a funny thing to say," he said at last, "but I cannot tell you his name."

At these words, Marjorie gave a little cry of dismay. She sensed a certain excitement in Bob's manner. With eyes anxiously riveted upon him, she waited.

"What!" exclaimed MacDonald, with an expression of incredulity.

"Ah!" ejaculated the officer, suddenly losing his friendly manner.

As for Reverend Armstrong, he said nothing; he stood dumfounded, staring at his son.

"But I can assure you of this, the case contains, as I have said, photographic supplies."

"But, Robert, surely you can tell us who the case belongs to!" urged the young man's father with evident concern.

"No, I cannot," said Bob promptly. "But, if the inspector is willing to take my word in the one case, why not in the other?"

"How do you know the contents of the package?" asked Blake sharply.

"The owner told me, of course," answered Bob with a degree of heat, incensed at the other's tone. "He assured me of its harmlessness, or I would never have brought it."

"Still you won't tell his name," observed Blake. "Strange!"

This nettled Bob further. "I refuse to tell," he said. "I have told you the truth; if you doubt what I say, why waste words? Open the case and see for yourself. You have my permission, if that is needed."

At this a triumphant smile stole over Miner's evil face.

"Robert!" reproved the clergyman astonished and alarmed.

Strengthened in the conviction that something was wrong, Marjorie suddenly went up to Bob and, clasping both hands round his arm, she faced the officer squarely, her cheeks flaming, her beautiful eyes bright and hard.

Blake bowed coldly. "I *will* see for myself," he said sternly.

At that instant the door let in Corporal Watson, who came briskly up to his officer, clicked his heels, saluted and stood to attention.

There was that in Watson's face to cause Blake to start and ask, "Well?"

"Can I speak to you a moment, sir?" said the corporal, drawing aside.

With an abrupt "excuse me," the officer followed his non-com. and the two men stood talking together in undertones for a few minutes. Then Blake came back. His face was very stern.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I fear a horrible murder has been committed."

"Murder!" was the horrified chorus.

No one, in the excitement of the moment, was watching the expression of Miner's face. He started, and edged towards the door, his hand dropping to his coat pocket where something bulged.

"A body has been found a few miles up the river, and there are marks on the throat as from the grasp of a strangling hand. The corporal's attention was attracted by dogs as he was passing, and he found a body concealed with considerable care under branches and snow. The dogs had mangled it in such a way that no one can recognize it."

"But the clothes?" asked MacDonald, "surely they tell something?"

The officer shook his head. "The murderer, if it be murder, took away all his victim's clothing, even to his boots." He considered a moment, then, "You will perhaps allow me, sir, to use one of your buildings to house the body while an investigation is being made?"

"Certainly," said MacDonald promptly. "There'll be an inquest?"

"That depends on what the investigation reveals."

Blake paused a moment; then, "And now in the matter of this mysterious case, I am left with no choice," looking straight at Marjorie, "but to see for myself what it contains." Turning to the corporal, he spoke with directness; "Corporal!"

The non-com. saluted. "Yes, sir."

"Take Mr. Armstrong's dogs out of their harness and haul the sled in here."

"Very good, sir." The corporal saluted once more and went out swiftly.

"You two men go out and help him," commanded Blake, indicating Miner and Rogers.

"Do your own dirty work," muttered Rogers, turning away; but Miner at once complied.

In the store there was tense silence. From outside came the jingle of bells as the dogs were pulled out of their harness. Suddenly the door was thrown wide open and the corporal and Miner appeared hauling the sled. Instantly the officer sprang forward to help, but they still seemed to experience much difficulty in getting the sled into the store owing to the weight of the load. While this was going on and all eyes were watching the struggle, Alec MacDonald slipped in great trepidation to Bob Armstrong's side.

The latter started at his approach and his face flushed with anger. "Why didn't you speak and save all this trouble?" he demanded with vexation.

Beads of perspiration stood on Alec's forehead. "I dare not," he told him cautiously. "Remember your promise." With that he drew back to his former position.

By this time the sled was inside the store. At an order from Blake the corporal began to unlash the load. Putting aside an axe, frying pan, kettles, etc.—the usual paraphernalia carried on a trip—he opened up the load and, taking up a fair-sized wooden box, or case, looked across at Bob, who nodded. "That's it," he said.

"Open it," the officer commanded abruptly.

Marjorie's anxious eyes encountered Bob's. Without knowing why, she felt an indescribable fear in her heart. Bob smiled reassuringly.

Blake's orders were quickly executed. Reaching for the axe, Watson pried the lid off the case, and, throwing aside a good deal of packing, he brought forth a bottle in a straw jacket. Slipping off this cover, he handed the bottle to his commanding officer.

"Ah!" exclaimed the latter, taking the bottle and looking it over. "Whisky!"

"And there are more bottles here, sir," said the corporal, bending over the case. "Eleven more, making twelve in all."

There followed a tense moment of silence.

"Gracious God!" exclaimed Mr. MacDonald, striking his broad fist in his open palm. "I knew it!"

The parson's face whitened and he recoiled as one who had received a blow; whilst the rest seemed to have lost the power of speech and motion at the discovery.

Marjorie regarded her lover with unspeakable dismay, but after a while all her speculations as to how it had come about became merged into fears for his safety. She crossed swiftly to his side.

"Speak, Bob," she cried in a voice that shook slightly, "defend yourself. Repudiate this falsehood."

But Bob made no reply. His gaze was fixed on Alec, his eyes darting fire. "You young scoundrel!" he muttered, between clenched teeth.

The words were spoken in the softest of whispers, but the girl at his side caught them.

She started violently; a frenzied thought leaped to her brain. She looked hard at her brother, who shifted uncomfortably under her scrutiny, and in that moment she suspected the truth. The thought overwhelmed her; her face paled with absolute whiteness; but she had plenty of courage and, after the first shock, she had herself in hand.

"Robert Armstrong," said Blake gravely and solemnly, placing his hand on the unfortunate man's shoulder, "I am engaged in the service of His Majesty to apprehend, whenever I can find them, men acting contrary to law. You may deny that this case of liquor is your property, but I have found it in your possession and it is my duty, therefore, to take you into custody."

"But I do not know whether you have a right to apprehend him without a warrant," urged MacDonald, quickly.

"The courts of justice, Mr. MacDonald," said Blake coldly, "will decide whether I have exceeded my duty. To them I will submit; but I will resist by force any interference with my work here. Let the consequences rest upon the heads of those who venture to hinder me in the execution of my duty."

"Speak, Robert," pleaded Marjorie once more, hanging on his arm, "speak; save us from this distress, this torture."

"You know how dear you are to us," supplemented her father. (Few had ever heard his voice so nearly tremulous). "We cannot—will not—believe that you, for whom I would have pledged my honor, can be a common crim-

inal. Someone has imposed upon your good nature and somehow prevailed upon you to bring in the liquor, not knowing it was liquor, under the promise of secrecy."

It is curious that, in spite of the chief factor's suspicions that his son's conduct was anything but what it should be, he never once thought of him as being the culprit. The idea that *his* son, a MacDonald, could be so base as to inveigle a friend into an act which, although carried out in all innocence, constituted a criminal offence and then, when the offence was discovered, allow that friend to suffer in silence seemed not to find lodgment in the brain of the strictly upright old man.

"Mr. MacDonald," replied the young man, in a low but firm voice, "I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your confidence in me. Preserve that confidence and be assured that I had no criminal intent. Until the corporal opened the case I did not know it contained whisky."

"I am sure of it, my boy," broke in the chief factor.

"Nevertheless, I cannot name the owner."

"It is now my duty to furnish you with the opportunity to prove your innocence," said Blake.

"It may be your duty as matters stand to take him to the nearest court," said MacDonald, keeping himself well in hand, "but what if I become bail in any sum you like to name for his safe arrival at his destination? Surely you would not refuse?"

Blake hesitated. His position was hard. He was doing what honestly seemed the right thing to do. Yet how ugly it could be made to look. All present knew he had been paying attentions to Marjorie and that Bob was his rival. Fate had put him in an unpleasant position. But duty was duty, however hard it might bear upon individuals. He was about to make reply, when Armstrong broke in, and there was a break in his voice:

"I thank you sincerely, deeply, noble-hearted friend; but I neither would nor could allow it. I have said that the man caught smuggling whisky shall receive the utmost penalty of the law, even if he were my own son."

"Father!" cried Bob, with painful astonishment.

"My son," the Spartan father went on, "has been found with liquor in his possession and will give no satisfactory account of it. He shall not be indebted in any way to the goodwill of this too kind friend."

"Father!" cried Bob again. "Do you not believe that I am entirely innocent in intent?"

"God knows," his father told hlm, "I am at a loss what to believe."

"Then take me away," said Bob to the officer. "Bring this scene, which is painful to all of us, to a close."

Blake was very white. He himself was shaken tremendously. Marjorie's scornful eyes cut him like a whip lash. "God is my witness," he said slowly, looking at her, "that I would spare you this, but the young man's strange silence leaves me no way out."

"Robert," said Armstrong, with emotion, "may God forgive you the sorrow and shame your silence brings upon me." The words were uttered in a low and scarcely audible voice, and a deep sigh relieved his oppressed heart.

"No, no, no! You must not—you shall not take him away!" cried Marjorie, in an ungovernable impulse. "He is shielding another." She turned with a start. The private door had suddenly opened; Mrs. MacDonald was standing there. She had heard her daughter's words.

"Marjorie, what does this mean?" she cried.

Marjorie did not answer. No one answered. There was a dead silence.

The mother repeated her question sharply, looking with startled eyes from her daughter's white face to the face of her son.

It was the chief factor who broke the constrained silence.

"Something has happened," he announced gently.

"To Alec?" asked the mother in a terrified whisper.

"No."

"Oh, thank God!"

"A case of liquor has been found on Bob's sled and he is under arrest."

"Bob under arrest! But he is not guilty! He is suffering for another, and may God pardon him, whoever he is, who has brought about this great wickedness."

CHAPTER XVI

Gloom

Deep gloom lay over the MacDonald household. The evening of Bob Armstrong's arrest was one of sorrow and perplexity. The blow had fallen too suddenly and too fearfully on the peace of their tranquil life to allow them to think of anything else. There was a strange shadow on the gentle little mother's face; a sickening sensation was in her heart. Was there anything in the arrest of Bob Armstrong which motherly instinct told her involved the honor of her adored son, Alec? In the solitude of her bedchamber the troubled mother poured out her sorrow and fears to that Being whom she knew would fully sympathize and understand, asking Him to put everything right. And when at last she arose from her knees she felt that her prayer would be answered.

In another room Marjorie sat thinking. She had been sitting thus for a long time. Her mind was in confusion. The situation was sufficiently difficult to tax a much older brain; to save the man she loved she must bring disgrace upon her only brother. She had been very fond of her scapegrace brother. She had not realized that he was anything worse than a thoughtless, wild youngster fallen into bad company; but now she knew him for something very much worse.

Her first intention was to tell her father and have him charge Alec with his offence, and she was on her way down to find her parent when suddenly there came a thought across her mind which caused her to alter her purpose. She dared not witness her mother's first agony. That was beyond the limits of her courage. She returned to her bedroom. Yet, if Bob was to be saved from the disgrace he had brought upon himself from a mistaken sense of honor something must be done, and done soon. But what must be done? Then, swift as a flash a thought came to her. Bob was at the police camp; she would go to him and make him speak.

(*To be continued*)

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY AND THE INDIANS

LIVING as we did among so many warlike tribes who knew nothing of any kind of law except their own elemental passions or the rule of the Hudson's Bay Company's officers, it is surprising that the posts were not raided time and again. We were always in expectation of it, which, however, but added to the excitement of living. We never interfered with their customs or tribal wars so long as they respected our posts as neutral ground and obeyed us as masters.

Whilst travelling on the prairie we were always liable to fall in with war parties and to be despoiled of our horses and guns, when of course there would have been some blood spilt. Such quarrels would have taken time to be forgotten, and would certainly have brought on the same state of affairs as existed on the American side, where they were always having fights with the Indians. But, strange to say, these encounters were few and far between.—*From the notes of an H.B.C. Factor.*

VICTORIA

Fall Fashion Display

THE fall fashion display held in the store on Monday and Tuesday, September 11th and 12th, proved so successful that arrangements were made to have the performance repeated at the Capitol theatre every evening during the following week. The display included the very latest creations in coats, suits, frocks and furs, which were presented in a most entertaining manner by living models selected from our own staff.

A Notable Visitor

VISITING the store recently was Zane Grey, the famous novelist, and his family. Keen interest was taken in the Indian curio section on the main floor, so much so that Mr. Grey purchased several Indian baskets as well as a hat made from spruce roots by Vancouver Island Indians. He was also greatly interested in our display of Hudson's Bay point blankets.

We extend to Mr. Tasker our deepest sympathy in his recent sad bereavement. Mrs. Tasker, who was personally known to most Victoria readers as well as to many others at various Hudson's Bay points, passed away at the Royal Jubilee hospital on Tuesday, August 29th. The funeral services, held on August 31st, were conducted by Rev. Dr. W. G. Wilson, of the First Presbyterian Church, the pallbearers being Messrs. J. S. Horne, G. Lovat, B. A. Howell and J. Kerr. There were many friends present and the profusion of beautiful flowers which covered the casket and hearse testified to the high esteem in which the late Mrs. Tasker was held. The remains were laid to rest in Ross Bay cemetery.

Football has its drawbacks—at any rate so says Percy Cleft, who is now in hospital suffering from a broken collar bone sustained in a recent practice match. We are glad to report that he is progressing favorably, and hope soon to see him back at the store.

The heavy duties connected with the secretaryship of the H.B.C. employees' association has caused Mr. Wilkinson to appoint an "assistant." It's quite true that the newly appointed assistant is of rather tender years, but it is hoped that in time he will become a valuable asset to his respected chief. In short (as Mr. Micawber would say), Mr. Wilkinson has been presented with a fine boy, and heartiest congratulations are in perfect order.

Miss Janet Burr, of No. 15 department, and Miss Irene McLean, of No. 33 department, both have decided to take up the nursing profession. They are now training at the Jubilee hospital. Next time we are on the sick list we know where to go.

Promotions

Miss E. Wensley promoted to cashier.

Miss A. Ramsey promoted to the office.

Mr. Jack Stevens promoted to the stock room.

George Arlow, of the furniture warehouse, is to become a farmer, and with this object has taken up a ranch in the Nanaimo district. On his departure, various members of the warehouse staff and those in the furniture department presented him with a pipe and case and sufficient tobacco to provide him with many smokes.

Anniversary

TUESDAY, September 19th, marked the first anniversary of the Victoria store. The splendid progress made during the first twelve months augurs well for the future. It has been hard, uphill work, but in every department there's a feeling of the greatest optimism, and a good fall and winter business is confidently expected. We are making new friends every day, and every one of them becomes an enthusiastic booster of Hudson's Bay merchandise and Hudson's Bay service.

Display at Exhibition

THE most interesting feature of the Victoria exhibition, held during the week commencing September 18th, was the beautiful fur exhibit arranged by the Hudson's Bay Company.

In the centre of a rustic garden with a real grass lawn played a fountain, while gold fish swam contentedly around a fern-encircled pool. Seated and standing 'midst autumn-hued leaves and rustic work of oak were figures displaying to the best advantage fur garments made in our own Victoria factory. The whole display was indeed a credit to our display department and well worthy of the Hudson's Bay Company.

H.B.C. Athletes Busy

THE Hudson's Bay athletic association is exceptionally active these days, and the coming season will see our store well represented in all lines of athletics.

Football

A splendid football team has already been formed, which Manager R. Stanhope is now training, and judging by the recent practice matches should develop into a combination that will be hard to beat. J. Allen has been elected captain and the team line-up is as follows: *R. Dunn, goalkeeper; A. Harris and B. O'Neil, backs; B. Waude, T. Allen, J. Innis, full backs; E. Sewell, B. Stewart, R. Woodley, J. Chambers, F. Richardson, forwards; R. Crawford, J. Nicholls, W. Cahagan, R. Eaton and A. Weeks, reserves.*

Basketball

The basketball teams are also preparing for the coming season and are getting into good shape and expect to make an excellent showing.

The men's basketball team has been exceptionally busy, the line-up of last year being slightly changed, though it is expected that G. Harris, R. Pollock, T. Sewell, F. Richardson, E. Bayliss and R. Crawford will represent the first team.

The ladies are also intending to put in two teams this year, and there is no doubt of their ability to provide some exceptionally good basketball.

Last year's activities were so immensely popular and so many took part in the game that it is no easy matter to say who will represent the ladies' teams until the elimination series has been played, but two splendid teams are assured and basketball should hold its own this coming season and be the premier indoor sport.

Indoor Baseball

Some of our athletic enthusiasts are endeavoring to make indoor baseball popular during the coming season, and anyone particularly interested in this branch of sport is requested to communicate with the sports secretary.

Ice Hockey

Needless to say our famous hockey team intends to defend the commercial hockey league cup which it now holds and, while it is too early to predict any action, they will certainly have a tip-top team to step on the ice when the time comes.

The community evenings last season having proved so successful, the association is endeavoring to provide a large gymnasium and hope to be in a position to entertain the various local athletic organizations and provide some real good amateur sport.

WINNIPEG

WHOLESALE-DEPOT

General Manager C. W. Veysey left on a business trip to England on September 6th.

The final of the quoits tournament was played on September 15th. An evenly contested game resulted in H. Wells and A. E. Welsh gaining first place, and J. W. McMicken and C. W. Elliott second place. The prizes—1st, cases of pipes, and 2nd, cut glass dishes—have been very kindly donated by Mr. FitzGerald and Mr. Veysey, respectively.

C. Scruby of the hardware department has again been very successful with his garden. This year Charlie won no less than 32 prizes at the local garden and flower shows, the prizes consisting of 13 firsts, 8 seconds, 11 thirds. In addition he won second prize in the "best garden" competition and first in "collection of vegetables."

C. R. Wark (Cliff) resigned recently to take up a position in the Grain Exchange. He was the recipient of a gold pencil from his fellow workers as a mark of their good wishes for his success.

Walter Reid is back again with the Company. He takes over Mr. Wark's duties.

New Edmonton Manager

THE stores administration has announced the retirement of F. F. Harker as general manager for Edmonton.

The new general manager is H. G. Munro, who has had a large experience in department store work. Mr. Munro commenced his business career with the T. Eaton company at Toronto, with whom he was employed in various capacities for upwards of fifteen years, and since 1914 he has been connected with Almy's, Limited, of Montreal, as merchandise manager and latterly as general manager, severing his connection with the Montreal house to enter the service of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Retail Fall Opening

THIS year's fall exposition of new styles and seasonable merchandise was spread over a two-weeks' period. The first was in the nature of a preliminary fall fashion opening, paying particular regard to feminine needs.

On September 11th new window settings and displays were unfolded to view which were greatly admired, and throughout the week's advertising much prominence was given to the new modes in apparel, furs, millinery and accessories.

The week of September 18th saw the fall merchandise exposition and sales days launched. Style goods and new merchandise of a general character received full prominence in gorgeous window showings and full-page newspaper announcements.

Two of the most attractive windows shown in a long time were those featuring draperies and china, and Hudson's Bay upholstery and rugs. An ad. which appeared on September 21st was unique in its way and caused considerable favorable comment.

A page was devoted entirely to the broadcasting of information about Hudson's Bay "Quality" and "Service" as interpreted in the Winnipeg store. A number of small illustrations and well worded articles described the various services to be found in the store which in the usual way do not receive much publicity—men's tailoring, dressmaking, wallpapering, delivery, hairdressing, corset-fitting, and many others were featured.

A view of the store building was shown, and in addition information relating to H.B.C. standardized lines received prominence, with sections devoted to Hudson's Bay point blankets, *Donalda* phonographs, etc., and a comprehensive listing of many others.

WINNIPEG store's loss is decidedly Vernon's gain by reason of a promotion which took place in mid-September. Miss Louise Livingstone, for some time second in command of the women's apparel section, was transferred to Vernon as buyer for a similar department there.

Miss Livingstone was accorded a hearty send-off Saturday, September 16th, from a large circle of friends, who incidentally asked her acceptance of a suitcase and gold-cased pencil. Her more intimate friends in the department also presented her with a lovely suede purse.

Miss Livingstone was highly popular because of her bright disposition and willingness to undertake any work of a welfare or social nature. She will be greatly missed by all.

Ye editor of *The Beaver* and Display Manager Davison spent a day in the Netley marshes after the ducks on September 15th. They returned with about a dozen birds and a summons to appear before a rural "beak" for driving with glaring headlights.

The boys are wondering what attraction it was that caused Brother Stannard to pass the traffic cop's upraised arm and necessitate a visit of explanation before the judge. Mr. Wood, who was a passenger, would not enlighten them. It's a windy corner, is Portage and Main, much frequented by the fair sex. Eh! What?

Mr. Ogston spent several days at his summer home at Malachi and returned September 15th, after closing the establishment for the season.

We extend a welcome to Miss Winifred Bowen on her appointment as head of the hairdressing parlors. The department has been recently redecorated in grey and white and looks most inviting and sanitary. The installing of further modern machinery now proceeding will no doubt result in increased patronage to this busy little department.

CORRECTION

It is regretted that in connection with the snapshot of Adrian Mapstone appearing on page 23, September issue, Mr. Mapstone's child was referred to as a "daughter." "Buddy" is a real boy.

We are pleased to welcome John Lee back as outside man employed by the home furnishings department. He was formerly a member of the upholstery workroom staff.

Mr. Morrison is a newcomer in the hardware department. We extend to him the hand of welcome and assurance of everybody's good wishes.

Frank Dodman and George Gibbs are two newcomers to the display department, both of whom were formerly employees of the store, Mr. Dodman with the men's furnishings and Mr. Gibbs with the display.

The "Hoover" man, Mr. Lonsdale, is rapidly making friends among store people and customers alike. He has already absorbed the H.B.C. spirit of Quality and Service and is right "on the job."

Arthur Matheson, our expert window shade and awning man, is soon leaving for California to reside. The health of his wife necessitates a change of climate. Arthur, during his more than ten-years period among us, has made many friends, who take this opportunity to extend to him every possible good wish for success.

Isabel Knox returned to work September 18th in her capacity as cash girl, after an absence of about four months due to ill health.

Mr. Keele, assistant manager of the hardware department, underwent an operation for appendicitis on September 8th in the General hospital. His associates will be glad to hear that he is making a very satisfactory recovery and hopes to be back at his post soon.

Holiday makers who returned about mid-September noticed a marked change around the store—an air of fullness about the stocks and a stir as of brisker business abroad, due to the reception of much merchandise and changed displays in preparation for fall and winter.

Yes, Winnipeg store appears thus early in the season to have taken on a new lease of life which augurs well for a very successful year.

Winnipeg Tennis Champions, 1922

(L. to R.) C. M. Thomas, publicity department; R. Douglas, stores administration; George Bowdler, retail; Miss Catherine McFayden, stores administration, and Miss Elmhirst, land department.

Tennis

THE Hudson's Bay tennis association at Winnipeg closed its most successful season on Labor Day. All courts were kept busy throughout the day, the majority of the members eager to take fullest advantage of the last holiday of the season. The weather was glorious and the courts never in better condition.

Ladies of the club served an appetizing luncheon on the grounds. A mixed doubles tournament was run off during the afternoon. Miss Halton and Mr. McNair (associate members) were winners of the final game.

Miss Thornhill brought her knitting and seemed an interested spectator.

Mr. Welch had some more difficulties with the small pile of shale back of the baseline which has so often spelt disaster this season to him when running backwards after lobs.

The Tournament

Winners in the annual tournament, completed during the last days of August, were:

Ladies' singles—Catherine McFayden.
Ladies' doubles—Misses McFayden and Elmhirst.
Mixed doubles—Miss McFayden and George Bowdler.
Men's singles—George Bowdler.
Men's doubles—R. Douglas and C. M. Thomas.

A feature of the tournament play was the consistent work done by Miss McFayden, who was sucessful in all events entered. The play of George Bowdler was of stellar quality, and it is worthy of note that Mr. Bowdler has probably shown greater improvement at the game in two seasons past than any other member of the club.

The retail store managed to capture one event and share in another, whereas last season the store was unfortunate in not taking a single prize.

Prizes in merchandise to the value of approximately $135 were distributed informally to the tournament winners.

According to the report of Secretary-treasurer P. Harrison, the finances of the association for season 1922 are in excellent shape. After paying all equipment, maintenance expenses and salaries—and prize money for the tournament—the club is left with about $50 in hand. This surplus, the executive committee has decided, will be carried over and applied on the construction of suitable dressing rooms and clubhouse on the grounds for next season.

OBEYING ORDERS LITERALLY

A busy man had been plagued with salesmen all day. Finally he told the office boy to admit no other callers.

"But," said the boy, "they say they must see you."

"Oh," replied the harassed one, "tell them that's what they all say."

Several hours later the boy looked in. "A lady just called who said she was your wife."

"Well, what did you do with her?"

"I told her 'that's what they all say'!"

OVERHEARD IN THE TIME OFFICE

Jim F.—Glad to see you getting here on time now!

Lou. A.—Yes, I've got a parrot now.

Jim F.—A parrot! What for? I advised you to get a new alarm clock.

Lou. A.—So I did. But after a day or two, I got used to it, and it failed to wake me so I got a parrot. And now when I retire I hang the alarm clock over his cage. It wakes the parrot, and what that bird says would arouse anybody.

STAFF OF THE BUSY GROCERY 'PHONE BOOTH

Back Row (l. to r.)—Misses B. Ould, M. Miller, J. Leckie, A. Hunter and Jean Rogers.
Front Row (l. to r.)—Misses G. Martin, M. Fletcher, S. Hunter and W. Greenfield.

THIS bevy of bright-faced, pleasant-voiced young ladies, dressed in their snowy-white coats, comprise the staff of the up-to-date telephone booth in the grocery department.

When Grocery Manager Whalley periodically puts over one of his famous "Red Letter" grocery days, several extra order-takers are called into the booth and scores of nimble fingers are kept rapidly moving all day to keep the service up to concert pitch.

The work requires great concentration, tact, good memory and a cheery disposition. Much of the grocery business is transacted over the 'phone—a large percentage of customers seldom coming to the store to select personally.

Thus a good deal of responsibility for the impression the customer gets of H.B.C. service devolves upon the girl who answers the 'phone, takes the order and supplies information about the goods.

The continued esteem in which our grocery service is held by an ever-widening circle of patrons is due in large measure to the efficient work accomplished in a quiet, unobtrusive manner by these young ladies.

SALESMAN'S ITCH

Unlike other normal ailments which are contagious, entailing hospital and doctor expense to remove the infection, *salesman's itch* is acquired through scratching and striving. When infected, the salesman enjoys enviable ability, with its attending rewards. The best means of contracting it are through the study of the columns of the trade papers and numerous well written articles on the subject of salesmanship, in combination with an active interest and participation in the connecting details of your department of the store.

The symptoms are very pronounced. They begin with a *burning* desire to obtain the good will and respect of customers by being rigidly courteous. This is followed with an *itching* and "on edge" feeling to make satisfied customers with obliging and helpful explanations, and alertness to display goods to the best advantage. A *sensation* concludes the accomplishment of the sale, with a *swelling* pride in having performed your duty in a manner above reproach.

Once you have acquired *salesman's itch* or, in concise English *efficient salesmanship*, you have an ailment of inestimable worth from which no surgeon's knife can separate you.—*Dry Goods Economist*.

What's In a Name?

By T. F. REITH

OFTEN in the course of our travels we come across names of people peculiarly appropriate to the calling in which circumstances have placed them. One or two outstanding instances occur to me.

I have in mind a Mrs. Stamp who was for years postmistress in the village where my youthful days were spent. In the same place the registrar of births and deaths was a Mr. Mortis—very appropriate to the last named duty. Again, the leading baker and confectioner was a Mr. Cook. One blacksmith was a Mr. Blackney and another a Mr. Smith. The undertakers were Chappell and Son—quite in keeping with their calling.

One name I remember well and often wondered whether it was a help or a hindrance to its possessor in his profession, viz., Dr. Tugwell, dentist.

Perhaps other similar instances nearer home have crossed your path. It would be interesting to know of them. The above are all authenticated cases.

A SWING AROUND THE SCENIC WEST

With Miss Boak and Miss Smith a-Holidaying

SAYING good-bye to Winnipeg and business for three whole weeks, two members of the retail staff journeyed westward to seek refreshment for mind and body, to catch a glimpse of the beauty and grandeur of the mountains, and to gather what inspiration they might for the days to come.

The first stop was Calgary, a thriving city already outgrowing its setting and spreading itself on the surrounding hills. But they must not linger there when the mountains are calling—so, on to Banff.

Cascade, Sulphur and Rundle mountains stand on guard over this quiet spot, which is ideal for a holiday. The beautiful Bow river and falls, Lake Minnewanka, Government Park with its buffalo, yak, mountain sheep and goats, Bankhead mines, Dominion fish hatchery, zoo, Banff Springs hotel, Sulphur Springs, museum, all hold the interest of the visitor.

A motor trip from Banff to Lake Louise (a distance of 43 miles), with a stop of an hour or so to walk up Johnson's Canyon and view Twin Falls, then lunch in the open with a cup of tea from the camp fire, marked a red letter day of the trip. Lake Louise with the wonderful mountains surrounding it, the glistening glacier, the attractive chateau, the brilliant flowers, form a picture not soon to be forgotten.

Winding in and out and up among the mountains, following the swift-flowing rivers, passing through tunnels, peeping down at the beautiful canyons on a day of glorious sunshine gave a new view of this old world of ours. A night at Revelstoke, another day's ride through the mountains (the scenery changing somewhat, more vegetation showing), and Vancouver is reached.

A few days were spent there seeing its parks, principal buildings, harbor, beaches and Capilano canyon.

Then by the *Ss. Princess Adelaide* to Victoria. A drive through the residential part of the city, a visit to the Butchart sunken gardens, and Saanich mountain, where the world's second largest telescope is situated, mark a pleasant stay. Sailing down Puget Sound, Seattle is reached and a day or two spent in this bustling city; then homeward again.

Hudson's Bay stores were visited in Calgary, Vancouver and Victoria, where the pleasure was experienced of renewing the acquaintance of several former members of the Winnipeg staff, as well as meeting others of the big H.B.C. family. The many courtesies extended at H.B.C. stores in the West were much appreciated.

Burbidge Golf Cup

THE final scores in this competition have been turned in. The play-off for possession of the cup will be between Angus Brabant, fur trade commissioner, and W. A. B. Smith of the Winnipeg retail store. Mr. Brabant's gross score was 94, handicap 29, net 65. Mr. Smith's gross score was 111, handicap 51, net 60.

The final thirty-six holes will be played off on the course of the Winnipeg Golf Club early this month.

J. M. Gibson Local H.B.C. Golf Champion

By JIGGER

THE final round of the H.B.C. golf competition at Winnipeg was played off September 11th at the Bird's Hill course between J. M. Gibson, assistant stores commissioner, A. C. Dunbar, shoe department manager, and C. M. Thomas, publicity agent.

Mr. Gibson was the victor in a closely contested match, with a score of 102-10 (net 92), as against Mr. Thomas' 105-11 (net 94) and Mr. Dunbar's 135-21 (net 114).

This, the first handicap golf competition among H.B.C. Winnipeg staffs, began in June with an entry of twenty-six players representing the Company's land, fur trade, wholesale, stores administration, executive and publicity departments and the retail store. A. H. Keele of the retail was an efficient secretary, and the event was run off in business-like style from first to last.

The various entrants contributed to a sweepstakes to be applied on a prize, which the winner, Mr. Gibson, has not selected as yet. It has been reported, however, that Mr. Gibson will direct that his prize take the form of a trophy to be played for at Winnipeg in succeeding years. Whether or not a cup is donated, it is hoped by H.B.C. local golfers that another and even larger competition may be arranged for next season.

FINE, BUT—

Ikey—For why you go up those stairs two at once?

Izzy—To save my shoes, papa.

Ikey—Fine, Sonny, but be careful and don't split your pants.

EDMONTON

Fall Style Show

THE H.B.C. fall fashion parade was again a distinct success. As usual, this popular event again drew crowds which filled every available space on the second floor. The models paraded on a specially erected stage with a long runway extending down the centre of the audience.

The artistic stage work and scenic effects were the work of C. Digney and his staff of associates. They were also responsible for the magnificent window displays, which would be a credit to any of the largest cities.

Jack Prest, advertising manager of the store, had charge of the parade, describing in detail the new fashion points as each model appeared. It has been predicted, he said, that this is to be a season of black, and consequently many black gowns were among those shown.

An interesting feature of the parade was the display of blanket capotes, introducing a revival of the old-time Hudson's Bay blanket capote. These coats are reproductions of the original which was worn at Fort Edmonton in 1855. They are made of the famous all-wool Hudson's Bay point blankets, and are designed expressly for tobogganing, skating, snowshoeing, etc., and promise to be very popular this winter. They are made in all sizes for men and women.

These picturesque capotes were shown by these charming young ladies: *Misses Iva Curtiss, Katie McCrae, Ada Larsen, Edith Lofsett, Nellie Sale and Jean Crombie.*

Last but not least, a word of praise should be given to the dressers who worked so arduously in the dressing rooms on the eight models taking part, effecting many quick changes which were truly remarkable. The dressers were: *Misses Mackie, Bowen and Heard, Mrs. Nash and Mrs. Laurence.*

OLD AND WRINKLED

"This bag," said Mr. Bowdler, of the Winnipeg store, while waiting on a customer in the luggage department, "is genuine alligator skin, made from the hide of the animal itself."

"But it looks so worn and weatherbeaten," complained the patron.

"Well," explained Bowdler, "that's probably due to the fact that it was a very old alligator when we shot him."

Store Notes

Mrs. Patterson, of the elevator staff, has left for Scotland on six months' leave of absence. "Scottie's" radiant smile and ready wit will be missed by a host of friends in the store.

Miss Etheleen McEwen, of the millinery section, met with another accident—this time being knocked down by an automobile. Fortunately her injuries were not serious.

Miss Hazel Barker, we regret, is still confined to her bed at the time of writing. Hazel's work on the defence line of the basketball team is sadly

missed, and it is sincerely hoped she will be able to play in the final game with the government telephone team for the championship cup Sept. 23rd.

Miss Doherty, departmental manager of the hosiery and glove section, is away on an extensive buying trip.

Miss Alice Wright, one of our most competent employees, left the store to be married. The whole staff join in wishing her every happiness in the future.

Miss Hattie Stephens, another of our oldtime employees, has also left the store. She will be greatly missed by a host of friends, who join in wishing her every success in her future career.

We are pleased to welcome several newcomers to our staff—Miss Betty Robinson, Mrs. Kennedy, Miss Eakin, Mr. Hanna, Mrs. Brennand and Miss Dolliver.

Miss McVicar, of the silk department, we are pleased to announce, is progressing nicely since her unfortunate accident.

Messrs. Briggs, Chasey and Pallett have all returned from extensive buying trips for their respective departments.

Mr. Ballard, our new department manager of the ladies' ready-to-wear section, succeeding Mr. Secord, is now firmly established and has a steady hand on the helm. Big things are expected of this important section from now on.

Basketball

AFTER a very strenuous season, our girls find themselves at the head of their section and eligible to play off in the final for the cup. Only one game has been lost in the series of ten matches, and that owing to our two defence players being away through sickness.

The final match will be played about September 25th in the Y.M.C.A., and we are looking to them to bring home the cup.

The team is comprised of the following players: *Doris McLeod (captain), Mae McGahy, Ethel Soley, Rose Tidsbury, Gladys Barker, Hazel Barker, Cecelia Brisette and Violet Blatchford, with Mr. J. Prest as manager.*

Mr. Harker Leaves

THE whole store, from office boy to department head, feels keenly the loss of Mr. Harker after three years of active and beneficial service. Upon the occasion of his leaving on Saturday, Sept. 15th, he was presented with a handsome leather suitcase and a silver tea service from the staff, while Mr. Belland of the men's furnishings department personally presented him with a solid ebony walking cane with ivory handle, the work of the natives of West Africa.

Last but not least, the engine room staff presented him with a gift as a small token of their appreciation.

During the three years that Mr. Harker has held the reins at the Edmonton store he has made a host of friends with the staff, and it is not too much to say that without exception there is not one but would have done anything for him.

Never was a large staff of employees more loyal to the Company than under his regime, and never could a staff more profoundly regret his leaving. The whole store join in wishing him every success and happiness during his future career.

Sports

SPORTING EVENTS, aside from basketball, have been rather quiet of late in Edmonton. Baseball has died a natural death, owing to the fact that the days are getting shorter. For this reason it is impossible to play after supper, and, as the stores have seen fit to take the Saturday half-holiday away, we cannot play on those days.

Thus the deadly feud that has been waging between the married and single men has ended in a draw, each team winning a like number of games.

Football has not been played by the store on account of there being no commercial league, but several of the boys who wore the Hudson's Bay uniform to victory last year have been giving their best in senior company. Special mention should be made of T. Crockett, who has been putting up a fine article of football for a team that

did not win the championship but were fighting for it all the way.

The other Hudson's Bay players who have been "burning things up" are Geo. Graham, J. Graham and L. Melbourne. These three are a big part of the reason the South Side team has won its first senior championship and is now in the semi-finals of the provincial championship.

Geo. Graham is perhaps the most heady and deadly player in centre forward position in Edmonton. So, though we have no football team proper, we are very much interested in at least two city soccer teams.

Baron Byng Is Declared a "Chief"

Historical Pageant

AN immense crowd witnessed the historical pageant in honor of His Excellency Baron Byng.

The Hudson's Bay Company was asked by the city to stage an historical pageant and programme of Indian sports when the governor-general officially visited Edmonton. This was agreed to and plans were immediately gotten under way.

No less than 475 Cree Indians were brought from the Indian reserve at Hobbema to take part in the pageant, and they were camped on the Company's grounds at the foot of 102nd street. The actual cost of rationing the Indians and some 300 horses was borne by the city; also the prize-money offered for Indian races, which consisted of horse racing, relay cowboy races, Indian squaw races, Indian boy races, bow and arrow contests, wrestling on horseback, Indian pow-wow, etc., on the arrival at the exhibition grounds.

Before the sports commenced the governor-general was made an Indian chief of the Cree tribe by Chief Sampson. He was also presented with two comely Indian maidens, whom he was obliged to refuse. Many elaborate presents of beaded work were also presented to the governor-general. Peter Gunn, an old-time employee of the Hudson's Bay Company, arrayed in a blanket capote, acted as interpreter, while J. Prest, advertising manager of the Hudson's Bay Company, presented the chiefs and conducted the ceremonies.

A grand historical parade was organized, depicting the various events which have taken place since Fort Edmonton was established in 1796. As most of the costumes used for these events were made for the historical pageant in commemoration of the 250th anniversary and were still in the possession of the Mallabar Costumers of Winnipeg, no trouble was experienced in outfitting the men and girls taking part.

The procession lined up sharp on time at the corner of 105th street and Jasper, and it is estimated that the parade was fully two miles long and the best ever seen on the streets of Edmonton. The various events depicted by the Hudson's Bay, equipped with horses, costumes and men, started from 1796 and continued through up to 1880. It was then continued from that time up to the present by various organizations in the city. In order to make the parade still more spectacular, Prince Rupert in all his glory and seated on a magnificent charger headed the parade, followed by an escort of ten charming heralds carrying trumpets with banners attached bearing the famous *pro pelle cutem* coat-of-arms. Their costumes were of scarlet and gold.

The garrison was selected from members of the H.B.C. staff; also the majority of the men taking part in the parade. The programme follows:

G.W.V.A. REGIMENTAL BAND.

1670—*Prince Rupert; two mounted pages; eight mounted heralds.*

1796—*H.B.C. standard bearer; chief factor, Fort Edmonton; two chief traders, Fort Edmonton; garrison of Fort Edmonton* (25 men).

1860—*400 Cree Indians* (mounted); *three Indian travois* (horse); *one Indian travois* (dog).

1865—*Eight gold miners; pack train.*

1870—*Three Red river carts; six H.B.C. trappers.*

1874—*Nine North-West Mounted Police* in original uniform.
1876—*Prairie schooner*, depicting the coming of the first settlers.
1880—*Edmonton's first stage coach.* (*Note*—The costumes worn were exact reproductions of the originals at the respective periods and were furnished by the Hudson's Bay Co.)
49th PIPE BAND.
1881—*Klondyke rush.*
1882—*Edmonton's first school.*
1884—*Riel Rebellion.*
1897—*South African war* (Strathcona Horse leaving Edmonton).
1907—*Edmonton made the capital of Alberta.*
1907—*First automobile in Edmonton.*
1908—*Opening of university.*
1914—*The Great War.*
1918—*Return of Edmonton regiments; boy scouts, military, etc.*

The entire parade was under the supervision of J. Prest at the request of the city; with H. Laughey, B. Cooper and J. K. Matheson assisting.

Those taking part in the parade from the staff of the store were as follows:

Prince Rupert—H. Hollands.
Chief factor—P. A. Stone.
Chief traders—Messrs. Locker and B. Crockett.
Mounted heralds—Edith Scott, Maggie Knox, Lenora Freid, Betty Robinson, Hattie Stephens, Louise Langloise, Hazel Barker, Alice Wood, Etheleen McEwen, Doris Nelson.
Garrison of Fort Edmonton, miners, trappers, Red river cart drivers, etc.—Messrs. Edwards, Belland, Larocque, Frazer, Sweet, Ogilvey, Ockenden, Marsh, Douglas, Kennedy, Howes, Henry and others.
Passengers in prairie schooners (depicting the coming of settlers and old stage coach)—Mabel Pilling, Ada Larson, Marie Borwick, Edith Lofsett.

CALGARY

Sports Notes

THE best baseball year we ever had—that's the way every member of the three Calgary store ball teams puts it. Put the "right man in the right place" and a team is sure to succeed. That's why the welfare board put Jim Neal at the head of the baseball end of the athletic programme for the season. That's also why the games were successful as well as a big boost for the athletic division of the welfare association.

Beavers Win

The *Beavers* won the first half of the schedule to get into the championship three-game finals. The *Bearcats* landed second-half honors to qualify for their place in the play-off series. The best two out of three took the championship and the medals, and the *Beavers* got the necessary two.

After winning the first game (7-4) they lost out in the second (5-3), when the pitching of Ace Harper was too much for them. The final game drew the crowd and no doubt it was the gallery that beat the *Bearcats*.

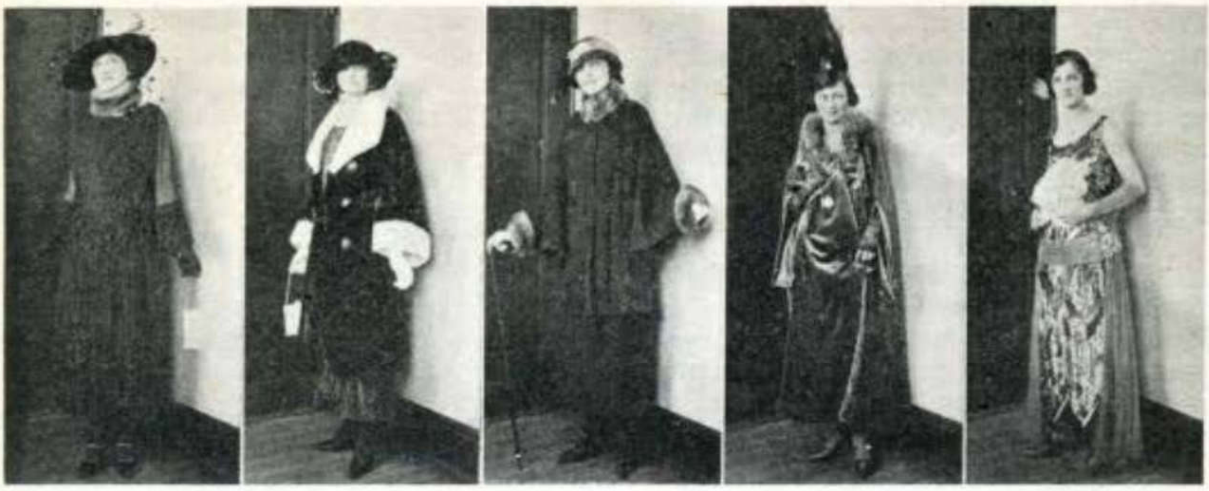
Dexter hit McKellar with a bat and that crippled poor Sam; this alone was enough to win the pennant for the *Beavers*, for without their leader in the best condition the *Bearcats* were bound to be "off color."

We're not just sure what the final score of the play-off game was, but when we asked scorer Kitson the last time he said he was still figuring on it, and he assured us that if he was unable to give out the official figures before the week-end he would stay home from a fishing trip on Sunday and do the necessary adding.

How About It?

Mr. Sparling showed sportsman's spirit when he let the ball players out early in order to finish their game before dark. Things like this go to show the boys that their efforts at athletics are being noticed.

It might not be out of place, since the curling season is approaching fast, to remind curling enthusiasts that McKellar's baseball club and McKellar's curling rink are two different organizations and, in spite of the fact that his baseball club lost the store championship, his rink is a good bet again for this season's curling.



MRS. LEWIS in *Afternoon Gown* | *MISS GEHRKE* in *H.B.C. Furs* | *MISS O'NEILL* in *Fur Trimmed Suit* | *MISS RANKIN* in *Evening Wrap* | *MISS McCOLL* in *Evening Gown*

Autumn Exposition

AGAIN the Calgary branch created a stir among the feminine hearts of the city with its spectacular exposition of new fall modes presented September 14th, 15th and 16th.

The *Elizabethan* dining room and cafeteria were thrown together and decorated beautifully by Mr. Neil and his staff, assisted by the dining room staff.

When the models appeared coming through the doorway arched by lustrous draperies in autumn tones, a beautiful picture was presented to the interested spectators. The attraction of the fashion parade this fall appears to have been much greater than for a long time. Whether it was caused by the remarkably abrupt style changes which have come into vogue or not is not certain, but the fact remains that both the dining room and cafeteria were filled to capacity, with people standing at the doors peering in, on both Thursday and Friday afternoons.

As on previous occasions of a like nature, the Capitol theatre was utilized for evening performances. A runway in the form of a half-circle extended from the stage, on which the models displayed the various beautiful costumes, thus providing an excellent view of the garments. The stage setting—a veritable flower garden—is especially worthy of comment.

A novel feature of the theatre performance on this occasion was an evening reception, during which gowns were displayed on various models for "The Hostess," "The Belle," "The Debutante" and "The guests." This scene made a favorable impression with the spectators. Capacity houses attended each performance at the Capitol, much valuable publicity being derived therefrom.

The *mannequins* were young ladies of the H.B.C. staff. The manner in which they conducted themselves throughout the entire performance was admirable. A surprising amount of favorable comment has been received from various sources on the expert character of the modelling.

In the following list of models the names of some who have carried the H.B.C. standard at the style show for several seasons will be found, and also some who, although new this season, showed exceptional capability.

Miss J. McColl
Miss C. Rankin
Miss L. O'Neill
Miss A. Gehrke
Miss M. Rogers
Miss J. Simpson
Miss N. Lawrence
Miss G. Nield
Miss E. Lay
Mrs. A. Adshead
Mrs. J. Westaway
Mrs. A. Lewis
Mrs. F. Counsell
Mrs. J. Jenson
Mrs. T. Langille

Great credit is due Mrs. Clarke for her untiring efforts in the training of these young ladies and the selecting of the various garments to be displayed.

Our welfare executive is busy all the time. If it's not baseball or cricket or golf, it's curling and dances or something else.

Charlie Hillburn, manager of the winning *Beavers,* took his holidays, and with one golf club and a single ball he went away. We don't know where he went but it has been reported that he spent the best part of his annual looking for the ball!

A shower was held for Miss Betty Whitelaw at the home of Miss H. Hutton. A very pleasant evening was spent. Miss Whitelaw was presented with a pretty and useful basket of gifts. A buffet supper was served. Those present were Miss B. Whitelaw, Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. Berry, Mrs. Atkinson, Miss Cork, Miss Cheesman, Miss Godlonton, Miss Marchant, Miss Dobson, Miss Mulligan, Miss Centre, Miss Meaker and Miss Hutton.

Miss L. McDonough entertained at a kitchen shower in honor of Miss I. Dunlop, whose wedding recently took place.

A son and heir by the name of Charles Stuart arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Bell on September 1st. Mr. Bell is buyer for china and glassware.

Fred Russell had a successful trip south to Waterton lakes on his vacation. He was accompanied by "Liz." Elizabeth must have proved a very charming companion indeed, as since his return he has had her installed in a very modern up-to-date apartment and almost all his leisure moments are spent in her society—the gay old *Lothario!*

A handkerchief shower was held at the home of Miss Wadlow in honor of Miss Henderson, who is leaving for the coast. A very nice evening was spent. Those present were Miss Bishop, Miss Miller, Mrs. Black, Mrs. Clelland, Miss and Mrs. Wadlow, Miss E. Florence, Miss B. Florence, Miss Daines, Mrs. Adshed, and Mrs. Henderson.

Congratulations are being showered on Mr. and Mrs. Parker on the birth of a daughter. We understand Mr. Parker wished for a boy, but, as the old saying goes, "better luck next time."

Overheard in the tobacco department—Mr. Sadler, "Miss Smith is a very promising young lady." Mr. McGuire, "Yes, Sadler, but many a promising young chicken has turned out to be an old hen."

Warehouse Notes

THE store has recently had visits from many of the Company's representatives from a distance, among them being Mr. Jack White of London, England, accompanied by Mr. C. H. Fair of Montreal.

These gentlemen heralded the latest in fashions from the European and Canadian markets. To examine the new things they brought with them, many buyers from other department stores of the Company have already visited the sample rooms, among them being Messrs. McLaughlin and Roberts and Miss McDiarmid from Vancouver, Miss McLaren and Mr. Florence of Victoria, Mr. Diamond of Winnipeg, and Mr. Sutherland of Saskatoon.

PICKING HIS CALLS

The kirk was in urgent need of repair, and Sandy McNab, a very popular member, had been invited to collect subscriptions for the purpose.

One day the minister met Sandy walking irresolutely along the road. The good man at once guessed the cause.

"Sandy," he said earnestly, "I'm sorry to see ye in this state."

"Aweel, it's for the good o' the cause," replied the delinquent, happily. "Ye see, meenister, it's a' through these subscriptions. I've been down the glen collectin' fun's, an' at every hoose they made me take a wee drappie."

"Every house! But—but surely, Sandy, there are some of the kirk members who are tee-totalers?"

"Ay, there are; but I *wrote* to *them!*"

MORE SPEED DEMONS

REGARDING the article in last month's issue about Bert Andrews' purchase of a car, we learn he has been dealing out some real excitement, and bids fair to out-do Mr. Dowty in marvelous feats at the wheel.

The victims in the latest incident were Ben Seed and George Russell, who, on accepting the offer of a drive home, were taken along Seventh Avenue in a manner that would have made a sailor seasick. On approaching Eighth street, instead of reducing the gas, Bert gave her more and took the corner on two wheels.

This was followed by desperately close contact with a street car and ended in a corner lot that was under cultivation. On arriving at their destination, both passengers were profuse (?) in their thanks (?) for the drive!

Mr. Dowty, who was also one of the party, regards Bert as the most wonderful pupil he has put through for some time.

Tube Room Notes

BY the time this appears in print, summer holidays will have been almost forgotten by most of us; *not so* in the case of the tube room girls, who are still to be found recounting the various memorable incidents of their vacations.

Miss Esther Florence, having been to Vancouver, seems to have grown another twelve inches.

Miss Lilian Townley, on her return from Gull lake, was heard to remark that as seven days made one "weak" it would require another fortnight to make her strong.

Miss Margaret Smith went to Edmonton, and while there paid a visit to Mr. Cunningham, whom she found as pleased as ever to see any of his old staff.

Miss Florence Boucher has been to Seattle, and reports having had a wonderful time.

The tube-room staff are a happy-go-lucky "bunch," whose motto by the way is *nulli secundus* (whatever that means).

TREE CLIMBING AUTO FOR SALE

or

Will Exchange for Hen House

Self-starter (when running downhill).
All tires have shoes on.
Back springs made of hay-wire.
Side members reinforced with 2 by 4's.
Brakes in perfect condition, when repaired.
One blowout guaranteed every ten miles.
Guaranteed to keep you out all night making repairs.
Guaranteed to cross creeks or stick in the middle.
Turns corners on two wheels to save tires.
Must be sold quickly or will fall to pieces.

Enquire at Carpet Department.

Weddings

THE wedding of Miss Betty Whitelaw and Mr. Illott (H.B.C. Calgary golf champion) took place in the Knox Presbyterian church on August 31st. Miss Whitelaw has been connected with the neckwear department for the last four years and Mr. Illott has been with the boys' clothing department for the same length of time. The happy couple spent their honeymoon at the coast cities. Upon returning they will reside in Calgary. They were the recipients of many pretty and useful gifts.

A very pretty wedding took place at the First Baptist church August 30th, when Miss Eva Griffin (from the art needlework department) became the bride of Mr. Allan Christenson. After the ceremony a dainty supper was served at the home of the bride. The happy couple left on the morning train to spend their honeymoon in Banff.

A wedding of considerable interest to all the old members of the Calgary staff took place at St. Andrew's Presbyterian church on September 12th, when Miss Irene Dunlop became the bride of Mr. E. Wright. Miss Dunlop looked charming in a fawn suit with hat to match. Miss McColl sang "At Dawning" during the signing of the register. Miss Dunlop has been a member of the office staff for eight years, and her many friends wish her every success and happiness. Friends in the office presented her with a beautiful table lamp.

SEMI-MONTHLY dances are on again in the Isis Palace. The H.B.C. staff and their friends are welcome.

Lou Doll has kindly consented to act as M.C. again for another winter, and it is up to us to rally round him and make the Hudson's Bay dances hold their reputation this coming winter as "the best in town."

Mr. Stephens has assured us that he has a fine hall. The floor is in first-class condition, the ventilation has been made perfect, and the arrangements for refreshments have been so planned as to make every one feel "at home." Let's all go to the H.B.C. dances this season!

SASKATOON Store News

Fall Style Show

We have read with considerable interest the reports appearing in *The Beaver* concerning fashion shows staged by the various stores of the Company, and we submit, with all modesty, that the promenade of mannequins staged by the "baby" store was among the best.

The time—Wednesday, September 13th, from 8.30 to 9.30.

The place—The corner show windows from the Twenty-third street entrance to the Second avenue entrance.

The girls—Miss Jean Meech, Miss G. Harbour, Miss F. Barrie, Miss F. Leachman, Miss E. Ayre, Miss I. O'Reilly, Miss B. Brockington, Miss E. McMaster, Miss W. Horrocks and Miss N. Cowie.

At 8 p.m. the crowd started to congregate at the store corner and when the curtains were drawn aside at 8.30 at least two thousand people thronged the sidewalk and the pavement. It was only with the greatest difficulty that the extra police were able to prevent the street car traffic from being completely tied up. The mannequins were all members of the store's regular staff, and from the remarks of the public it was apparent they were regarded the equal of most professionals.

The committee in charge of the parade of living models is to be congratulated. It proved an event of interest to the entire city and from an advertising standpoint its value can be scarcely over-estimated.

Fall Opening

The fall opening was held at the Saskatoon store Thursday and Friday, Sept. 14th and 15th. All departments were tastefully decorated for the occasion and an orchestra was in attendance each afternoon from 3 to 5. More than 500 potted plants were used throughout the store. The effect was most pleasing and enhanced the beauty of the merchandise displayed.

Store Committee

By the time the October *Beaver* is published the Saskatoon branch will boast a real, live, store committee. The preliminary organization work is being done by Messrs. Bentley, Faulkner, Horniblow, Chubb, Andrews and McNichol.

The Restaurant

At the time these notes were written it was estimated that the restaurant would be opened the first week in October. It will be thoroughly modern in every particular, the kitchen being designed to render the quickest possible service.

An outstanding feature of the dining room will be the lighting system. The Radialight, latest word in electrical fixtures, patented and manufactured in Canada, is being installed. The 14-300 watt semi-indirect, ornamental Radialight fixture imparts a daylight appearance when artificial light is necessary. It is the only fixture manufactured having internal reflectors which throw all light rays downwards and at the same time do not cast any shadow on the ceiling.

Mr. R. F. Allen, superintending engineer, is personally supervising the installation of the dining room.

Mr. Edward FitzGerald, deputy chairman Canadian Advisory Committee, was a recent visitor at Saskatoon branch.

Mr. F. W. Sutherland, manager of the dress goods and silks departments, is in Calgary on a business trip.

Mr. J. E. Rundle returned recently from a business trip to the East. "Joe" claims he is going to show new records for china, hardware and toy business.

Mr. N. C. Chubb, manager of the smallwares department, returned recently from a buying trip to New York and eastern centres.

Mr. H. J. Moberly, well known to readers of *The Beaver* as the author of "Reminiscences of a Hudson's Bay Company's Factor," was a visitor to the Saskatoon store recently.

Century Old MARCEE DE LUXE Briar Pipes

Each MARCEE DE LUXE pipe is subjected to a special hardening and seasoning process which extracts all moisture from the raw briar and therefore leaves it very much reduced in weight and its smoking qualities greatly improved. It is also finished in our Celebrated Dark Velvet Finish.

A well selected stock will be found in all The HUDSON'S BAY DEPOTS

PENNY WISE AND POUND FOOLISH

—is the man who thinks to save the expense of Life Insurance. Certain premiums may be saved, but *at the expense of the future*. To achieve for himself what a Life Insurance Policy will do for him completely and at once, he must save regularly at compound interest for many years a sum equal to the annual premium a policy would involve. He must make no bad investment and *he must be sure of living*.

He who insures takes no risk, neither does his family. Are you insured? If not, let us send you particulars of some inexpensive Great-West Policies combining adequate protection with favorable investment.

The Great-West Life Assurance Company

Dept. "D-30" **Head Office: WINNIPEG, CANADA**

VANCOUVER

One of the H.B.C. Displays at Vancouver Exhibition.

Lady Byng Views Exhibits

IT must have been a source of great pleasure to our general manager on the occasion when, as president of the exhibition, he had the esteemed honour of showing the wife of Canada's governor-general through the exhibition and to receive her commendation on the exhibit made by the Company in the manufacturers' building.

But Lady Byng was only one of 200,000 people who were attracted by the exhibit and who saw the displays made by the "Pathfinders of the Great West" —the oldest mercantile institution in the British Empire and the leaders of fashion in British Columbia.

Tennis Tournament

THE H.B.E.A. tennis tournament has come to a close with Miss Stein winning the ladies' singles and Gerald Wilson taking the laurels among the men.

Every game was keenly contested and some very high-grade tennis was displayed; some of the players proved they could hold their own in any company. The results were as follows:

First Round—Ladies

Miss Cullins defeated Miss Thompson.
Miss Stein defeated Miss Tremouth.
Miss Fanhurst defeated Miss Edwards.
Miss Nelson defeated Miss Butcher.

Second Round—Ladies

Miss Stein defeated Miss Cullins.
Miss Nelson defeated Miss Fanhurst.

Final Round—Ladies

Miss Stein defeated Miss Nelson.

First Round—Men

Mr. Timmins defeated Mr. Elcock.
Mr. Hearns defeated Mr. Almas.
Mr. Garden defeated Mr. Clarke.
Mr. Hood defeated Mr. McCreary.
Mr. Leavy defeated Mr. Anderson.
Mr. Watson defeated Mr. Calderhead.

Second Round—Men

Mr. Timmins defeated Mr. Hearns.
Mr. Hood defeated Mr. Garden.
Mr. Wilson defeated Mr. Leavy.

Finals

Mr. Wilson defeated Mr. Hood.

Store Notes

We welcome back to his duties our merchandise manager, A. J. Watson, and are glad to see him looking so well after his painful operation.

W. H. Sharpe, manager of the carpet and drapery section, is extending his field of buying again to Europe.

Miss Pugh, who for three years was a popular favorite in the country order department, has resigned her position and gone to Los Angeles. Before leaving, her colleagues presented her with a fountain pen as a mark of their esteem.

E. Nicholson, manager of the staples department, couldn't find comfort in single blessedness, so has joined the ranks of the Benedicts. We wish him all the happiness that comes to those who dare.

H. G. Andrews, head cashier, has been appointed head service manager at the Company's new store in Saskatoon. He leaves with the best wishes of the Company's employees in Vancouver for his future.

Miss Stern, who has been with the Company's store in Vancouver for nearly seven years, has left to take up her future home in the South. We

hope the move will be beneficial to her health. On her retirement E. L. Anderson assumed her duties.

Miss A. Andrew has just returned from her two weeks' vacation, which she spent among the oranges and grapes in the southland. Among other cities she visited were San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego. While she found some stores in the South larger than the Company's store in Vancouver, she did not find one that looked as good to her as her own, or that gave more efficient service.

Miss Coop is receiving felicitations on all sides on her approaching marriage. The engagement came as a great surprise to her many colleagues in the whitewear section. It all happened while she was on her holidays at Alta Lake—a lovers' paradise—and we understand that reservations for cottages in this district are already being made for next season.

While we are all sorry to lose Miss Clark, and shall unquestionably miss her, yet we join in wishing her long life in her new sphere. Miss Clark has been in the mail-order department for the past five years, during which time she has made many friends—but one especially in the person of A. Davidson, who has liked her well enough to acquire her for his own. Before leaving, Miss Clark was presented with a beautiful cut glass water set.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized in the First Presbyterian church, when Agnes Wright Baxter became the wife of Magnus Sinclair, the latter being assistant manager in the grocery department. Mr. Sinclair was the recipient of a beautiful case of Community silverware from his colleagues on the lower main floor.

It's like spring again to see Miss Paull back again with us. Miss Paull went to Victoria store when that establishment commenced operations. After having spent so long with the Company's store here, and with so many of her friends left behind, many of us doubted whether she would remain in Victoria. She's back with us again—it may be a loss to Victoria, but surely Vancouver had the prior right.

A Suggestion

MUCH has been said in *The Beaver* relative to the opportunities the Company offers for promotion to those who have ability.

Hardly an issue of *The Beaver* is published but what we read of someone having advanced to a better position. But there are some in the Company's service who have been with the Company and given faithful service in their particular line where there is no future advancement but who are fitted to take other duties. It has been suggested that when an executive position is vacant notice of same be sent to the Company's stores and advertised under the heading of "Help Wanted" in *The Beaver*, so that those who are ambitious to advance may at least have the chance to apply.—*F.S.G.*

The Curse of the 'Phone

IT was Alexander Bell who invented it in 1876, and it is stated that he said he "wouldn't have the devilish instrument in his house." The telephone is like the cold storage and many other things. It was a blessing to humanity that brains and untiring effort conceived and made them, but, like other blessings, their abuse often makes them a curse, as the telephone was in this instance.

One of the Company's executives was sleeping soundly at 11.45 one night when he awakened with a start to hear the telephone ringing. Donning his dressing gown and bedroom slippers he ran down stairs to the 'phone and this is the conversation that followed:

"Is that Mr.—? Well, I've been trying for an hour to get Mr.—(another of the Company's executives). You know I've been a customer of the H.B.C. since 1895. Yes! Well, I bought a pair of boots at—(mentioning the name of a competitor's store), and those boots were supposed to have been delivered at my house at 6 o'clock today. As I don't know any of the managers of that store, I thought perhaps you would know them and use your influence to get the boots delivered. We are leaving by the owl train at 12 midnight." (Who says the Company isn't expected to give service at any and all times?)

A livewire is a man who does not grab the stool when there is a piano to be moved.

A REMINISCENCE OF 40 YEARS AGO

By Ex-Corporal Joseph Griffiths, 84th York and Lancaster Regiment

THE British battleships having bombarded Alexandria, troops were sent to support the sailors ashore. The 84th York and Lancaster regiment, having had a strenuous time in Ireland for more than two years, were not sorry to leave the Curragh camp for active service.

The voyage was so calm, pleasant and interesting that I did not think about the coming warfare. I felt it a privilege to travel free to see places I had read about. We passed Lisbon by night; the lights along the shore were plainly seen. Arriving off Gibraltar, we stayed several hours, then, hugging the coast of Morccco, on to Malta, staying several hours in Valetta harbor before leaving for Egypt. We had a close view of Admiral Seymour's fleet, the havoc on the coast line, the lighthouse seriously damaged. We spent the day surmising where our destination would be. Towards night we left for Aboukir bay. The next morning at Port Said, going slowly up the Suez Canal to Ismailia, we disembarked in the afternoon. We had a trying march up the railway through loose sand in the dark to Nefiche station, which had been bombarded. Bivouacing (after forming square) until daybreak, we were now in the vicinity of the enemy.

Now I began to learn the rudiments of war, being in the danger zone. Our two pieces of artillery responded to nine pieces along the ridge. The infantry lay in the open under a scorching sun.

In the afternoon my company advanced to a position on the left behind an earthwork near the railway. The shell fire was directed our way, while a man in mufti on unofficial business came up on horseback. Requesting someone to hold his horse, I volunteered. He stayed with us for about ten minutes. When about to depart he caught me in the act of ducking my head. Putting his hand on my shoulder he said, "My man, whenever you *hear* shells whistling through the air, they won't hurt you." It being my first experience of warfare, I thanked him. As he rode off the Captain told us his name, General Sir Havelock Allie, V.C. His advice made an impression which had an effect on me throughout the active periods of *El-Mag-Fah, Tel-el-Muhuta* and *Kassassin*, where we were attacked three times, and the final engagement of *Tel-el-Kebir* on the eve of September 12th, 1882.

The sun was disappearing at the horizon. A bugle call was the signal for all tents to fall. To me it was an unique sight. Darkness was approaching rapidly. We marched and halted often through the night, certain stars being our guide.

Orders were given that the position be taken at the bayonet-point without a shot being fired. No talking above a whisper. No matches to be struck. No smoking. The greatest difficulty through the night was to maintain the line in touch, and the flanks extended outside the radius of the sixty-seven Krupp guns that the fortification contained.

I had no idea of the time I slept when we halted. We were on the move when three horsemen came near our front, turning quickly and galloping off. Pte. Tom M. discharged his rifle at them, and Sergt.-Major M. pounced on him, shook him, expressing his wrath in language anything but sublime. Tom always had my sympathy, as his error in my opinion was a blessing. Directly after he had fired, a long streak of fire spread along our front which, in the blackness of night before dawn, was very impressive. We were probably four to five hundred yards from the parapet. Their guns being elevated for a greater distance, little harm was done.

It was now that the dash commenced. Two-thirds of my company had gone ahead. The captain, being a heavy man and not able to travel so fast, called on the men to come back. I repeated his order, calling, "Come back! Come back! Why don't you do as the captain tells you?" I stayed with him for some distance, until impulsively I went on without him. The musketry fire of the Egyptians soon ceased, as the thrilling cheer of our men struck terror into them. I cleared the ditch at a bound, noticing that some slipped down, scrambling up as best they could. When over the parapet, I saw Egyptians chained to the guns, the enemy having retreated, and the British troops were halted. Putting our helmets on our bayonets we gave three cheers for victory. The dawn of day was now with us. It was a most thrilling time, my regiment being mingled with men of Scotch and Irish regiments.

As we again moved forward the flashes from the rising sun below the horizon become more brilliant every minute, until we again saw it in all its splendor with a pleasure never before realized. In our rear, darkness was fast disappearing. On our right the artillery were in full gallop. In front swords flashed in the sunlight. Far off directly ahead of them were the smoke and steam of a locomotive.

Soon we arrived at the deserted camp of the enemy, which we occupied, being free from all duties for the day. Crossing the canal bridge, I there saw the havoc caused by our artillery and cavalry. On the fertile side we found a well of fine water, which was very much appreciated after having to use the stagnant water of the canal containing dead men and horses.

In the camp some amused themselves riding the camels, some falling from them. Some wore Egyptian white uniforms that they found. The day was a happy one.

Soon after dark all settled for the night. Quiet reigned until some in their dreams were fighting the battle over again. All the camp was soon in a commotion, and those who were wearing white clothing, being mistaken for the enemy, had a rough time. Our quartermaster, Abraham Boulger, V.C., who was in India during the mutiny, had witnessed the same before, and he had a busy time helping to restore order, as, owing to the noise, the impression was that we were being attacked. We got all settled again until daybreak.

I was one of a party sent to search the fortification, collect arms and drive off looters, having to shoot at one. Coffee was sent out to us, and we drank it by sucking it through our teeth, as the flies were so numerous. The bodies of men and animals had swollen up tremendously in the short time we were there.

When we had the opportunity, we got down to our diversion of picking the vermin off our bodies and clothing.

On the third day after the charge, the air was so putrid we were ordered to remove to Cairo, making the trip in trucks, standing up and listening to the bull-frogs and watching the stars twinkle. After staying in Cairo for a period, we returned to Alexandria and went aboard the P. & O. Ss. *Nepaul* to return to Aldershot.

The following lines will somewhat define our reception:

See, the conquering heroes come
Marching back behind the drum
To their home so sad and drear.
No light, no fire their hearts to cheer;
The doors secure held by their locks.
While twilight to darkness drops,
They search to find the straw they need
To rest their bones 'neath a roof again.
The snow it still was falling fast;
Nothing was there for their repast.
They'd fought the battles, and won the frays
Beneath the scorching sun of Egypt's plain.
Their reward was such. It was a shame.
None with authority knew they were home again.

FACTOR BRAND

Overall Combination

FASHIONED from a superior grade of khaki drill in a very even weave with wonderful wearing qualities. This fine two-in-one suit is double-stitched throughout and is strong enough to hold a bulldog. Roomy enough to move every muscle freely, yet very neat fitting and comfortable. Continuous faced fly. Eight pockets, including safety watch pocket. Extension polo collar. Double material at the knees and elbows, therefore double wear. A high-class garment and one that every mechanic, farmer, workman and motorist should not be without.

Obtainable at 11 Department Stores of

Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 2nd MAY 1670.

Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

Hudson's Bay Point Blanket

Coats

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

THIS incomparable sports coat combines the style and fit of a tailored garment with the warmth and wear of a northern trapper's capote. In reality it *is* the coat of the Hudson's Bay Fur Trader—with the addition of those niceties and improvements which make for good appearance and comfort.

During several generations these garments have been made to order for discriminating buyers. Now, for the first time, these famous coats are available to the general public in 11 H.B.C. department stores at POPULAR PRICES.

A Foe of Frost

DO you want to be ready for a blizzard or a frolic? Do you snowshoe or skate or ski or "slide"? Then this is the Health Coat you need; the complete protection; the smart and correct attire that appeals to common sense. A strikingly handsome and unique coat, worn by vigorous outdoorsmen and women who stay young.

These coats are made in the Company's standard model (illustrated), from genuine Hudson's Bay Point Blankets, in grey, dark green, khaki, navy blue, red, or white. The four black bars or "points" under left armpit and the "Seal of Quality" label inside the collar denote the genuine.